Vol. CXXX. No. 1687.

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[THE BYSTANDER, APRIL 15, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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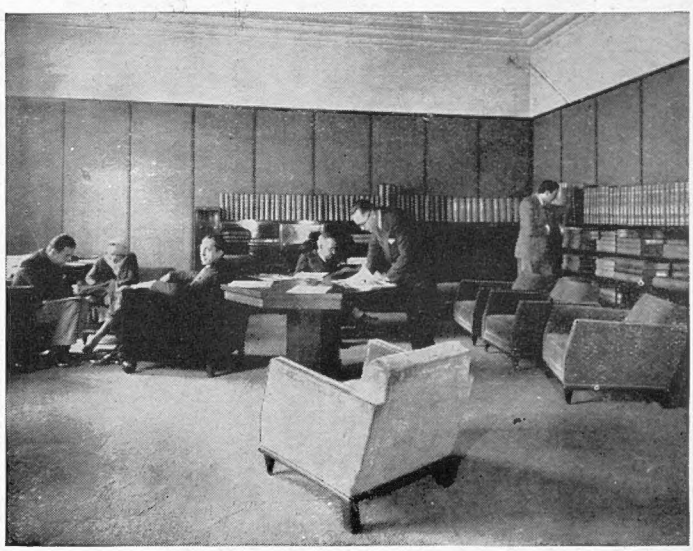

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The Bystander, April 15, 1936

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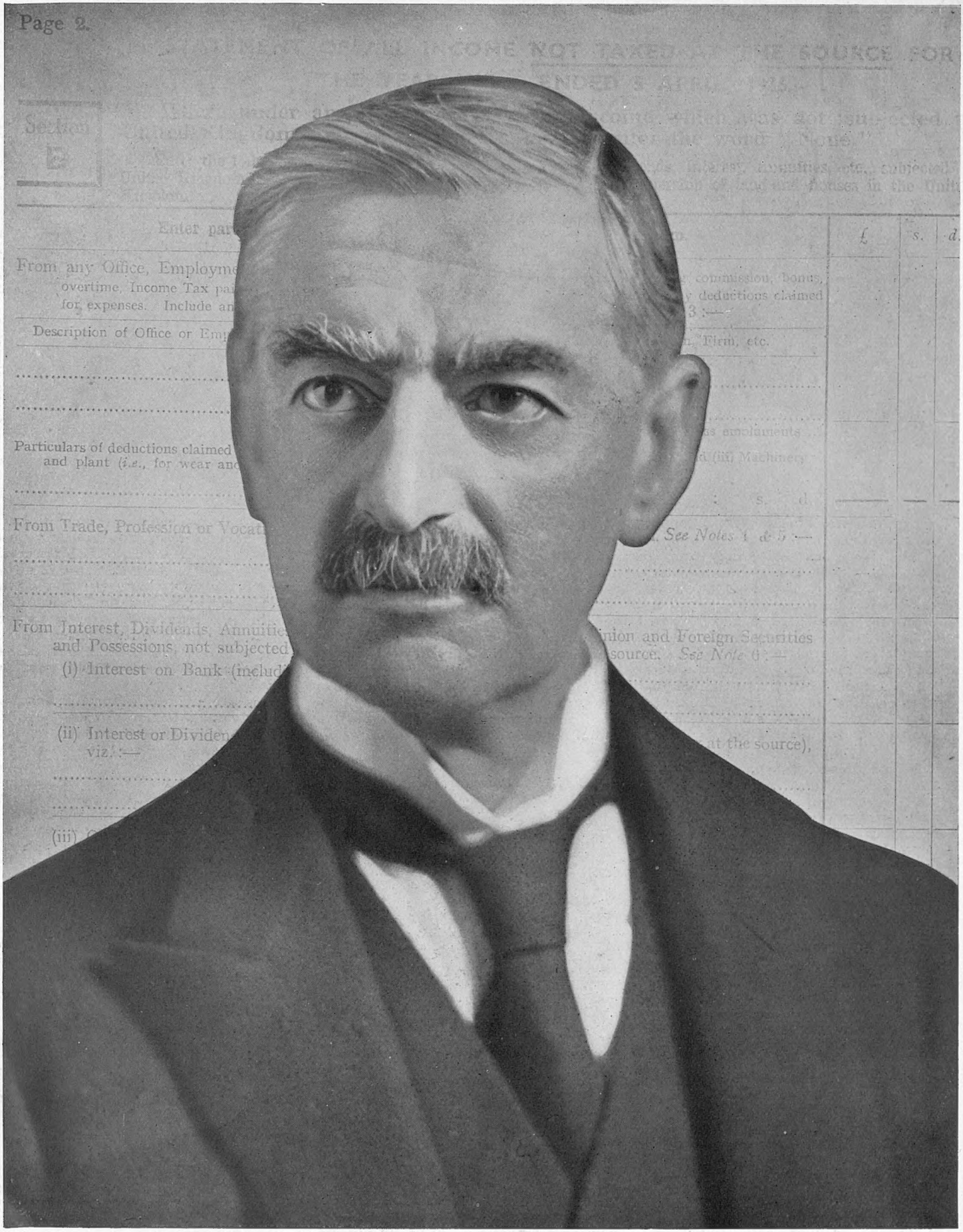
The BYSTANDER

Annabella Learns to Fly

In her new film, that is; she goes to a flying school where five of her co-pupils make a pact not to do anything so obvious as to fall in love with her. They invent a lover for her and send her passionate letters from him, and, of course, the one who writes them soon finds his heart has got into his words. He is Pierre Richard-Willm (he was in *Barcarole*), and the other four men are Jean Murat (who was in *Second Bureau*), Pierre Labry, Abel Jacquin, and Paul Azais. Annabella's last film was *La Bandera*; the new one is called *Anne-Marie*, is directed by Raymond Bernard, had a big success in Paris, and is coming to the Curzon on April 23rd



Bassano

What can you do for us, Mr. Chamberlain?

Next Tuesday Mr. Chamberlain presents his sixth Budget. He 's not likely to produce much in the way of a New Year present for us, in spite of last year's revenue surplus—Sir Thomas Inskip's department is seeing to that—and the sixpence about which hope springs with brave annual optimism in the income-tax payer's breast is obviously going to stay just where it is. But the new high record of employment last month points a finger-post still along the recovery road, and it 's reasonable to hope that the Chancellor won't have to treat his expectant victims too hardly

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides on the Affairs of the Day

By A. G. Macdonell

HERR HITLER has replied to the note of the other Locarno Powers, and a very interesting reply it is. In some ways it is highly unsatisfactory. For example, it reiterates Germany's right to tear up the "freely negotiated" Treaty of Locarno, and it makes no sort of promise not to fortify the newly-occupied Rhineland zone. It refuses the suggestion of an international police-force, as indeed everyone expected that it would, and it refuses to invite the Hague Court to pronounce upon the legality of the Franco-Soviet Treaty. So far it is all negative. The sanctity of international law remains "a shaken structure."

On the other hand, Herr Hitler promises not to send more men into the Rhineland; he promises not to advance his existing forces right up to the frontier; he is prepared to accept an international commission to see exactly what he is doing inside Germany; he is prepared to join in negotiations, with a four months' limit; and he is prepared to accept a considerable measure of mutual reduction of arms, especially in heavy tanks and very heavy guns.

There should also be, says the Führer, moral disarmament between Germany and France. A voluntary agreement should be drawn up by which the youth of both countries would not be educated from earliest childhood to hate each other. And, after all these negotiations have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion in the form of new treaties, then Germany will rejoin the League of Nations.

WELL, there it is. What are we to make of it? What are we to think? There are, I think, two possible lines of thought. One is that we should say: "Why should we believe that Germany will keep a treaty to-morrow, when she has shown that she could not, or would not, keep treaties yesterday, or the day before yesterday, or the day before that? Why should we trust Hitler's word? Is he not the man who has introduced into Europe, west of the Russian frontier, the most hideous régime of persecution that has been known for three hundred years, and more? Is he not the champion goose-stepper of all goose-steppers? Away with him! We will have nothing to do with him."

That is one point of view and, it must be admitted, it is a point of view that must carry with it a great deal of sympathy.

The second seems to me to run rather like this: "Hilter's one object is to raise Germany to equality among the nations. Admitted that he has torn up treaties in order to do so, he at least has only torn up treaties which he thought were unjust. Now that he has succeeded in his primary object, and now that Germany is on an admitted equality with the rest of the world, let us give him the benefit of the doubt, and assume that he is genuine in these pacific offers. And, therefore, let us negotiate with him on the assumption that he means what he says."

This second line of thought at least has this advantage: it provides a basis for negotiation. The first provides only a reason for unloosing another Armageddon. If you are prepared to give Hitler the benefit of the doubt, you can at least try to keep the peace. If you refuse to accept anything he says, you must at once bomb Berlin. There is no third course. And when you start bombing Berlin, you may end by letting the Asiatic forests overrun the ruined and deserted cities of Europe.

The Oldest and the Youngest

G. K. Chesterton is the oldest of the Chesterton family, and he was with his nephew, the youngest of the family, at the wedding of Ralph Laidler Chesterton to Nancy Doris Fry, which took place at St. Mary Abbot's

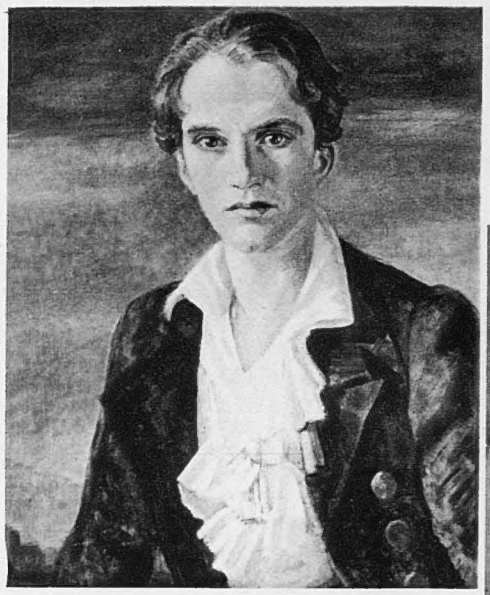
As if the Rhineland crisis was not enough for a distracted world, the situation in Central Europe has flared up again into an ugly little conflagration. The collapse of the Austrian Phœnix Insurance Company has a nasty sound about it. For one thing, it was a predominantly Jewish firm. For another, it seems pretty clear that it was ruined by political action rather than by economic causes. For a third, there are rumours that the Jewish directors of it are in danger of being tried on all kinds of fantastic charges in the Vienna courts. In other words, it looks like being the beginning of a really dangerous, anti-Jewish, Nazi campaign in Austria. Coincident with these rumours and rumblings, come the news of an outbreak of brutal Nazi murders in Austria. And, so far, no one has been arrested for them.

THE military conquest of Abyssinia appears to be practically complete. Aeroplanes, tanks, and poison-gas have done their deadly work, and the Italian armies seem to be advancing with

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 91)*

comparative ease. All predictions (including a great many of my own) about the distance which the Italians would be able to advance before the arrival of the rains have thus been rendered completely false, and the predictors, including myself, made to look uncommonly foolish.

What will Italy do with her conquest? That is the next thing to be considered. And how will she pay the gigantic cost of the war? The publication, after a fairly long interval, of the figures of the Italian Gold Reserve on December 31st, 1935, show another startling drop. And, of course, it will be many years before Italy will begin to reap any material profit from the exploitation of her new territories. For presumably Signor Mussolini will do his level best to grasp as much of Abyssinia as he possibly can. He may leave a central independent core, but he will grab all the rest. But where will the cash come from?



Eric Portman as Byron

Miss Hedwig Pillitz has been having a one-man show of her portraits, landscapes, and flower pieces, which is open at the Cooling Galleries until to-morrow. Above is Mr. Eric Portman as Lord Byron, in Miss Catherine Turney's play, "Bitter Harvest"—recently unbanned by the Censor; on the right is Markova as the heroine of Wendy Toye's new ballet, "Aucassin and Nicolette." These two portraits show how up to date the show is

WHAT astonishing notions some people do hold about Napoleon. It is, of course, common knowledge that press-magnates in England and America, twenty or thirty years ago, loved to think that they were Napoleonic, though it was often difficult to see the connection between the victor of Austerlitz and a man who invented a new hat for the British public. The latest holder of the title, "The Little Napoleon," is Governor Hoffman, whose antics to secure the German vote in the State of New Jersey has aroused a storm of anger and disgust throughout the United States. Again it is rather difficult to trace the similarity between the man who smashed the entire war-machine of Prussia in twenty-three days, and the man who cringes in terror before the German voters of New Jersey.

THE Private Menbers' Bill in the House of Commons to prohibit the Football Betting Pools drew a characteristic speech from Mr. A. P. Herbert against the Bill. "Let us not talk this Bill out," he cried. "Let us throw it out," and he made a vehement appeal that the poor should be left alone to do what they liked with their spare time and their spare sixpences. The poor do not try to tell the rich how to amuse themselves. Why, then, should the rich incessantly try to tell the poor? The Bill was thrown out, on its ear, as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse would say.

TALKING of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, he has just made a devastating comment, in a single short sentence, on the contemporary habit of labelling books "The Blank Society's Book of the Month," or the "Daily Blank's Book of the Month," or "The Crime Club Book of the Month." His latest volume of short stories, which are as funny as anything even Mr. Wodehouse has written, is solemnly adorned with a bright yellow band on which is printed "Drones Club Book of the Month." That explodes the whole ridiculous rubbish in a phrase. How Voltaire would have laughed!

Markova as Nicolette

THE battle for the sister-ship of the Queen Mary has begun, and the various champions are polishing up their lances, and sharpening their swords, or at any rate their pencils. It is a very typical example of the impact of modernity upon ancient customs. Four parfait knights are jousting for the honour of parading this lovely lady before the world. Sir John Brown, a homely, but none the less gentil, warrior, is one; Sir Vickers Armstrong, that gallant warrior, is another; Sir Cammell Laird, who sits at that part of the modern Round Table which is called Birkenhead, is the third; while the fourth carries the immense and portentous title of Sir Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson. These are the four contenders, up to date, for the Crown of Love. The betting in the ringside seats is slightly in favour of Sir John Brown, who carried off the Queen Mary. It is thought that his vast experience may make him more tender towards the fair sex than the others (or, in modern parlance, that his tender may be lower than those of his rivals).

But how magnificent it would be if, when the sister-ship to the Queen Mary is launched, there should be a daughter-in-law to Queen Mary, who would christen it after her own name. The two Queens would sweep the ocean triumphantly.

WHAT are we to think about the Boat Race? Thirteen times in succession Cambridge has won. And, what is very significant, Cambridge's thirteenth successive victory was scored in front of a meagre crowd. Gone are the glorious days when the evening papers variously estimated the crowd on the tow-path as "upwards of quarter of a million," and "upwards of three-hundred thousand," and even, as I once saw upon a supreme occasion, "upwards of a veritable myriad." The truth is (to use that noble phrase which always heralds a highly doubtful statement) that people are at last beginning to realise that a boat-race is an incredibly dull performance unless it is a *close boat-race*. I once saw a vast crowd in a French town, shouting, cheering, gesticulating. I asked what it was all about, and I was informed that the crowd had assembled to watch the most exciting, the closest, the most terrific long-distance bicycle race that had ever been pedalled. "Why," they shouted, "the leader is only three hours and a half in front of the second man."

Gallic enthusiasm dies harder than London enthusiasm. London is getting a bit bored with aquatic processions. There have been plenty on land, recently.

To Open a Show

Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell went over from their home at Weston-by-Weedon to open the annual exhibition of the Northampton Town and County Art Society. With them is Lady Mary Dunn, who brought her dachshund

Norman Parkinson

The Hon. Aline Partington

Bassano

Miss Ann Quilter

Four Pre-Easter Engagements

***Ann Quilter** is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Quilter, of 80, Eaton Square, S.W.1, and a niece of Sir Cuthbert Quilter; she announced her engagement just before Easter to Major Lionel Bootle-Wilbraham, Coldstream Guards. Her elder sister is the Hon. Mrs. John Benson, who married Lord Charnwood's only son in 1933*

***Aline Partington** is engaged to Captain Kenneth Weir Hogg, late Irish Guards, Mr. Guy Weir Hogg's only son. She is Lord Doverdale's only sister, and daughter of the late peer who died last year. Her mother, Clare Lady Doverdale, is a sister of Viscount Elibank*

***Rosemarie Helen Lucas-Tooth** is engaged to Algernon Robert Dorrien-Smith, 15th-19th Hussars, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Dorrien-Smith, of Tresco Abbey, Isles of Scilly. She is the daughter of the late Major Sir Leonard Lucas-Tooth, and Mrs. John Smyth-Osbourne, of Hardres Court, Canterbury*

***Cecilia Rosamund Fisher** is engaged to Lieut. the Hon. Richard Coleridge, R.N., Lord and Lady Coleridge's eldest son. She is the elder daughter of Admiral Sir William Fisher and Lady Fisher; her father was Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet from 1932 to 1935*

Lenare

Miss Rosemarie Lucas-Tooth

Kay Vaughan

Miss Cecilia Fisher

This camel-coated trio at the Beaufort point-to-point were Miss Maude Fuller, one of Sir Gerard Fuller's sisters, Mrs. Evan Gibbs, and Miss Daphne Henderson

This Was All at Alderton Where the Beaufort Point-to-

Mrs. Edgar Brassey and Miss Kenyon-Slaney walked round together at Alderton, well wrapped against the blackthorn winter

Lady Fiona Fuller was one of the locals—she and her husband live at Neston Park, near Corsham; she is with Mrs. Geoffrey Bishop

At the Beaufort Point-to-Point

Left: Lord Westmorland had a drink with Lord and Lady Apsley who watched the racing from their car

It Was Warmer in Scot

Point-to-Point Dates in Gloucester

This is a family group—all but one: Mr. Michael Crichton and Mrs. Eion Merry are brother and sister and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton is their mother; next to her in the check coat is Mr. Christopher Fuller, Sir Gerard Fuller's brother

Lady Iris Mountbatten, Lord and Lady Carisbrooke's sixteen-year-old daughter, Lady Rosemary Eliot, who is seventeen this year, and her mother, Lady Blanche Douglas, and Mr. Michael Hornby were also at Alderton for the Beaufort meeting. Lady Blanche Douglas is the Duke of Beaufort's sister

Point Was Held

Miss Christa Paravicini was talking to Captain McDougal in an interval between watching the Beaufort's best horses come over the jumps

The Fife Meeting at Balcormo Mains

The Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie is with Lord Dalhousie; she was Claudia Blackburn, married Lord Southesk's youngest son last year, and is a cousin of the Duchess of York

The Hon. Evelyn and Mrs. Dewar went over from Bardowie Castle. He is Lord Forteviot's half-brother and she was Cynthia Starkie; they were married in 1933

land Than England

shire and North of the Tweed

Border Hunts' Trio

Lady Haddington was photographed with her two nieces, Lady Bridget and Lady Willa Elliot, Lord and Lady Minto's daughters. The Border Hunts' meeting was at Todhillrig, Coldstream

Linlithgow and Stirling

At Lingfield

The Duke of Norfolk and Sir Humphrey de Trafford were at the first flat-racing meeting of the season at Lingfield—another cold-day event

Left: Lord Maitland and Miss Helena Perrott were at the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire point-to-point together, at Oatridge

Five of the Eight Hundred People at the London Casino's Opening Night

Lord Poulett, his sister, Lady Bridget Poulett, and Mr. Charles Birkin were in one party at the London Casino's opening gala which was the first big restaurant event for several months

Captain and Mrs. James Marshall Field were there to see the Folie Parisienne show which has come from America and is full of lovely girls

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

Swaebe

The Hon. Mrs. David Baker, recovered from her minor operation in time to go to the country for Easter, was fetched from the nursing home by her brother, Lord Bridport

BLACK, white and grey were still the prevailing racing colours at Newbury last week.

Wednesday was very wet, which accounted for the number of mackintoshes seen around. Lady Kimberley and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn were two who braved the elements thus suitably attired. They were talking to Mr. Harry Cotterill, who trains and "goes well to hounds" in Leicestershire.

Another mackintosh helped to conceal the petite form of Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, who was with Mrs. "Flash" Kellett when she caught our eye. The latter was all in black, and, as always, was one of the best-dressed women there.

Even on the bicycle tour that she has planned with the Warrenders, we know she will contrive to dress the part to perfection, and be a lesson, we hope, to some of those very unattractive young women we see pedalling about the countryside at week-ends!

An Attractive Swede

To return to Newbury—a large contingent from Warwickshire turned up on Wednesday, the Smith-Binghams, she very sunburnt after her trip to Florida, and looking more attractive than ever; Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, also from Warwickshire; Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Macphearson (she is a Swede, and very pretty); and, from the same part of the country, Captain Robin Grosvenor, with his sister, Mrs. Reggie West, whose husband was in the Grenadiers, and a very good amateur rider.

Lord Rosebery and Captain Tremayne, who took our last polo team to America, were others we saw; pretty Lady Fiona Fuller and Mrs. Bishop, whose husband is one of the few men who hunts side-saddle, owing to war wounds. He was in the 9th.

A Man of Angles

AFTER all this outdoor excitement, we got back in time for a "snack" at Mme. de Peña's new quarters in Hay's Mews, where we found Lady Stanley of Alderley, in pale-blue chiffon, and Lady Bridget Poulett, in a red velvet coat (two signs of the end of public mourning), Mrs. Tony Wilson and Mr. Michael Renshaw.

From there we all went on to the new show at the Saville Theatre, *Spread It Abroad*. We spent three hours wondering why two such brilliant mimics as Ivy St. Helier and Nelson Keys never thought of "teaming up" before, and enraptured at the charm, grace and beauty of Dorothy Dickson. There is not one stage "debutante" to-day who can put the ethereal glamour into her dancing, singing and acting that Dot Dickson does.

Walter Crisham, her "opposite" in this show, is also excellent. A "man of angles," someone behind us supplied the description of his original movements when dancing. Anyway, his faun-like charm and treble jointedness seem wasted on ordinary ballroom or cabaret dancing.

Lady Patricia Mackay had a party of young people in a box, Lady Caroline Paget and Mr. David Herbert were in the stalls, from where Lord Donegall and Mr. Selfridge seemed amused at personal "quips" from the stage.

Anne de Nys on the programme means Mrs. Terry McKenna in private life. She is half French, and you will remember her playing the piano and singing in a charming cabaret turn at the Café de Paris before her marriage.

He Got Him "Loosened"

THE world's best-seller (of champagne) and Mayfair's favourite usher, returned from New York last week; Mr. Eddie Tatham, no less. We asked if he had brought Sir Robert Throckmorton with him, but "the doormouse" seems to

The First Night of "Spread It Abroad" was Not Unsocial

Mr. Nigel and Lady Gloria Fisher were in the stalls; she was Lady Gloria Vaughan and is the Lisburnes' daughter

Lady Elizabeth Paget and the Hon. David Herbert went together to see the brilliantly witty revue at the Saville

have dozed off across the fish-pond for good and all. Eddie Tatham doubts this, and says he got him "loosened" before he left. It sounds like an extra adhesive oyster!

Fantastic Head-dresses

THE saying, "Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue," came to our minds at the opening of London's most fantastic new rendezvous, the London Casino.

A spectacular Folies Bergere entertainment is old enough, but new to London; the idea of a dining and supping audience in a theatre is borrowed from New York; and "something blue"? Well, there was Valerie Lady Brougham and Vaux on the first night, a lovely vision in pale blue.

The daringness of the ladies' clothes on the stage was almost outdone by the quite extraordinary head-dresses adopted by some of the audience.

In the first five minutes we saw a crownless "hat" of pale green flowers on one head, an eyeshade of pink and mauve stocks on another, a long feather standing stiffly to attention on a third!

These absurdities were all worn by good-looking women, whose looks were seriously "jeopardised" by such extremes.

A New Playground

LADY MOIRA COMBE, in a black "dinner-suit" and simple little white blouse, and Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward in a prim black dress with white touches, stood out as the two most beautiful people we saw during the evening. Lady Bridget Poulett was with her brother, and Mr. Charles Birkin, whose sister, Mrs. Dudley-Ward, occupied one of the front tables with the Marquis de Casa Maury and Mr. Brendan Bracken.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton were members of another large party.

You must all have either seen the Casino or read all about it by now, and it is quite certain to be London's favourite playground in the meantime.

It is fun dancing on the stage and being able to see everyone all over the house, and great fun to sup in those box-like seats on the stairs leading to the dress circle.

"A Friendly Atmosphere"

PRUNIER'S is a place that has a particularly friendly atmosphere on Sunday evenings.

People dine generally in twos or threes, not "dressed," from seven o'clock onwards, and go on to a cinema—or dine later, and don't bother to go on anywhere.

Miss Joyce Barbour was one we saw there last Sunday evening. She was with Mr. Alexander Woolcott, the famous American writer, whose book of short stories, the *Woolcott Reader*, is one of the wittiest ever published.

We also noticed Miss Sylvia Oliveira and Mr. "Bill" Clyde, and at another table, Mr. Eddie Tatham and Mr. Toby Milbanke, who is just off to Seville for a short holiday.

"A Change of Shorts"

AN interesting and interested trio in a corner consisted of Sir Victor and Lady Warrender and Mr. Curtis Moffat, interesting from every point of view, and interested in mapping out their Easter bicycling tour in France.

They are starting, accompanied by three sons and the "Flash" Kelletts, from Avignon, thence to Aix and Orange, taking only the minimum of luggage (a change of shorts and shirts) on the backs of their bicycles.

The three boys, whose ages range from eight to fifteen, are enthralled at the prospect of such an entrancing holiday.

MISS PEEPS

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell's daughter was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and was called Sylvia Valerie. Mrs. Maxwell is Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain's daughter, and was married last year

Celebrities at Dinner

Mr. R. S. Horne, Sir Harry Preston, and Mr. Bertram Mills were neighbours at a dinner given at the Savoy by Seager Evans to celebrate a new selling attack on the North of England

The Maxwell Christening

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Farjeon Calling

"Spread It Abroad" (Saville Theatre)

A REVUE should be principally a witty commentary on affairs, present, past or future, but how often is it what it should be? More often it is merely a kind of super pierrot show, or else the wit is subordinated to spectacle. In *Spread It Abroad* we have the genuine article, a revue that satirises many phases of life with good-humoured wit combined with astute observation. The first half of the programme is a delight, alike to ear and eye; the second half is more ambitious and perhaps not quite so amusing. Even so, it may be said that Herbert Farjeon has perpetrated one of the best revues that has been seen in London for a very long time.

Dorothy Dickson, the ever-youthful, appears as a little lady of the chorus

THERE are so many scenes and the show rattles along in such a sparkling way that it is difficult to remember every good thing. Among the best was certainly the News Reel, with Ivy St. Helier as an amateur gardener, explaining the difficulties of growing a giant vegetable marrow, and Hermione Gingold extolling the clean sport of bicycling. Then there were the imitations given by Nelson Keys and Ivy St. Helier of theatrical friends, and of a broadcast running commentary on a football match. These two, of course, are the high lights of the show, their superb fooling (in synthetic Italian) as two opera stars enjoying a reunion at Covent Garden brought the house down, and their "Charge of the Late Brigade" was nicely timed; it is to be hoped that some of the sly digs brought blushes to the faces of those members of the audience who were, at that moment, thrusting their belated way to their seats, to the discomfort of more punctual people.

Nelson Keys was in particularly good form; only in one case did he signally fail to hit the bull's-eye, and that was in "The Coastguard's Duty," a number that might well be deleted. Ivy St. Helier's great solo success was in "L'Absinthe," the portrait of a passée Parisian cocotte, faithfully drawn from the painting by Degas.

Dorothy Dickson, showing no trace of her recent illness, danced and sang with a youthful verve and charm that could hardly have been equalled by her own daughter; she seems to be the "girl who never grew up," and in several items she seized the chance of showing that she also possesses a keen sense of comedy.

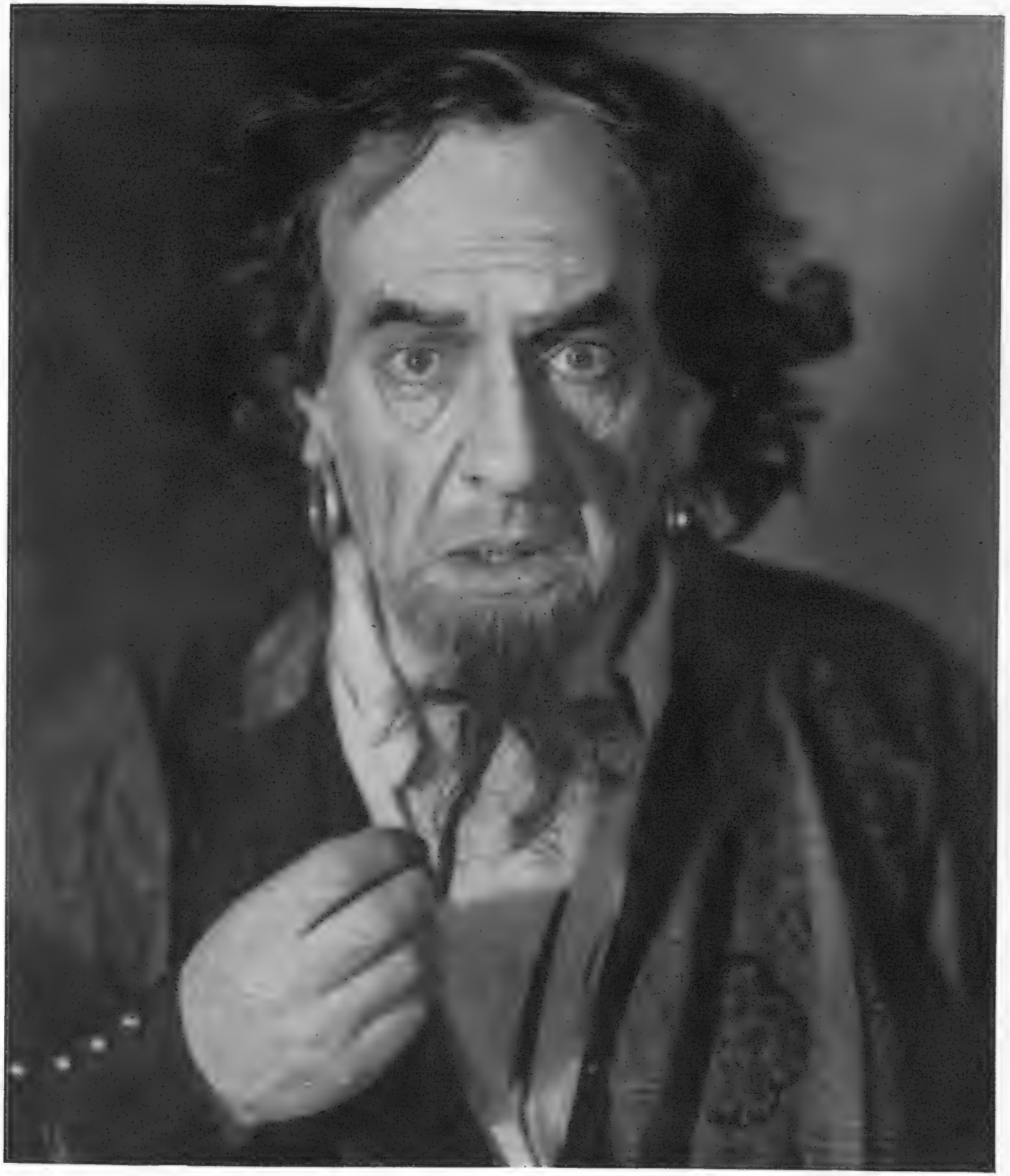
Lyle Evans, a newcomer from America, will, it is to be hoped, become a standing dish. He knows, better than most people, how to put a song across, and his number, "Dirty Songs," is a good, hearty smack, not so much at the cabaret singers as at their public, who enjoy a bit of dirt and what's the odds as long as it is really funny!

THERE is some good dancing and some attractive ballets, the most popular of which was a very Scottish affair, "Plaid Interlude," with music by Lord Berners. Another, dressed entirely in scarlet and white, showed how extremely effective a simple colourscheme can be. Walter Crisham and Tessa Deane were prominent among the crowd of clever people who added to the gaiety of the evening.

Sadie (Ivy St. Helier) and Hank (Nelson Keys), two very small cow-punchers, are worried when the very large wheel of the waggon is broken

Sketches by Rouson

Walter Crisham's dances and Tessa Deane's songs help to spread the fun abroad



Anthony

Randle Ayrton as the Stratford Shylock

Randle Ayrton is playing Shylock again this year in the Stratford Shakespeare Festival, which began on Monday; he gives one of the finest performances of his career as the old Jew. He is also playing Lear in the Komisarjevsky production of that play, which has its first night next Monday; Komisarjevsky has designed new dresses and décor for it, as well as producing it. Randle Ayrton himself is producing "Romeo and Juliet," and besides that acts as official stage director to the Stratford company; he has acted regularly with them since 1924

Salute to Spring: A Camera Study by Norman Parkinson

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 16.

Lord Scarsdale

RICHARD NATHANIEL CURZON, second Viscount Scarsdale, was the first officer in the Household Cavalry to go into trade after the war. And how Mayfair twittered when he became a fitter with the Commercial Aircraft Company in Hendon at thirty-two and sixpence a week. To-day, with Mrs. Victor Bruce, he is joint managing director of Air Dispatch and Commercial Air Hire, two of the very few unsubsidised aviation companies to show a profit. They fly newspapers across the Channel, reporters and cameramen to and from the Grand National, or the launching of the Queen Mary, and similar events. They also fly a couple of million pounds'-worth of bullion each week to the Continent as regular as clockwork.

Lord Scarsdale is also a Steward of the British Board of Boxing Control, a licensed referee, a past president of the Amateur Diving Association (he succeeded the late Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny), and one of the finest pistol shots in the world.

In the House of Lords he is one of the most regular attendants, and frequently speaks on his special subjects of Home agriculture and Empire trade. At Kedleston he has hundreds of tenants and several thousand fat acres. He is also the fortunate owner of extremely good coarse fishing and trout fishing.

HIS town house is 40, South Street, Mayfair, where he has an admirable cellar, particularly of clarets, and some of the most charming furniture you could wish to see. His best performance in the Ring was when he knocked-out Leboussière, one of the middleweight contenders for the French title, in the third round. He is a dashed good shot, specialising in high pheasants, and few people who were privileged to see him at the wheel of his Dorsey-Calthorpe at Brooklands in 1922 will forget it. Shortly afterwards, he became an honorary Attaché at Rome, and was present when Mussolini entered the Italian capital at the head of the Blackshirts. His photographs of the scene must be already historic.

Lord Scarsdale is an indifferent bridge player, and as for the Turf, he only possessed one animal, Welsh Hero, which never won a race in its life. I should add that, during the war, he served in the Scots Greys, and to-day is a Captain in the Derbyshire Yeomanry.

Dark-eyed, olive-skinned, and very good looking, Lord Scarsdale hunts with the Meynell, likes ski-ing and lawn tennis, adores gun dogs, and possesses a real nobleman's astrakhan-collared overcoat. By day he always wears a bowler hat. His wife, the former Miss Mildred Dunbar, has been seriously ill, and it is bad luck that, though they have four children, these are all daughters.

As a companion, Dick Scarsdale is charming, good-natured and the most tolerant man I know. **Charles Graves**

Debutantes of 1936

The Hon. Moyra Lubbock

Is Lord Avebury's sister and daughter of the late Hon. Harold Lubbock and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont Pease. Her mother is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Forster; her brother, who succeeded when he was at Eton, comes of age this year

Miss Janet Margesson

Janet Margesson is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Capt. the Rt. Hon. David Margesson and Mrs. Margesson. Her father, Government Chief Whip since 1931, is Sir Mortimer Margesson's eldest son, and a cousin of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. Her mother is American—was Frances Leggett before her marriage

Miss Susan Pelham

Susan Pelham is eighteen, the daughter of Sir Henry Pelham, K.C.B., and the Hon. Lady Pelham. Her father is Permanent Secretary to the Board of Education, and her mother is the late Lord Avebury's younger daughter. Susan Pelham is a cousin of the Hon. Moyra Lubbock

Miss Margaret Carey Evans

Margaret Carey Evans is one of Mr. Lloyd George's granddaughters through her mother, who was Olwen Elizabeth Lloyd George. Her father is Major Sir Thomas Carey Evans, surgeon and tropical diseases specialist and superintendent of Hammersmith Hospital

Photographs by Bassano, Fayer of Vienna and Lenare

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham-Lewis

As a last-minute excuse for slipping across the Channel this Easter we hit on the Invalides dome, which they are now regilding for the Paris Exhibition next year. This will take eight pounds of pure gold in leaves less than a millimetre thick, and we felt we ought to be there, especially as a chatty publisher told us at a party recently that Napoleon's Tomb was underneath in the crypt. He seemed to think it wouldn't be a bad idea if someone wrote a book about Napoleon—an extraordinary man, it appears, with a genius for warfare.

This publisher also informed us that the hat worn by Napoleon at Eylau is preserved near the sarcophagus ; quite a small hat, it seems, compared with that of the average business mogul. This didn't surprise us, having met more than one important little magnate who couldn't get the dome itself on without a shoe-horn. However, what with this publisher telling us such interesting things about Napoleon and what with feeling that a book about him might supply a long-felt want, we got out of our other commitments and went for the week-end.

In the end we didn't see Napoleon's Tomb after all. For years we 've got into the habit of dodging it, and habit proved too strong once more. We never saw Grant's Tomb in New York either, though that is much harder to miss. Towards the end of every party, after Gershwin has gone and the usual playboy has fallen out of the window and the gaiety is beginning to flag, someone invariably suggests seeing Grant's Tomb.

Nine times out of ten this suggestion merely leads up to an Indian corn dance or somebody's setting fire to the apartment for fun, but the tenth time one may be unlucky. We ourselves escaped by shamming total paralysis. Napoleon's Tomb, however, is a different matter, and we 're sorry now, because it doesn't look as if that book about him will ever be written. It would be just our luck if somebody else thought of it.

Strong Point

The L.M.S. are going to spend five millions on turning Euston into a super - terminus - cum - shopping - centre, which will probably be a good thing to do. London has at present about the grimmest railway termini in Europe. Victoria and Waterloo, it is true, do make some sort of effort to raise the traveller's drooping spirits. Victoria now has a film news theatre and Waterloo a huge glass-encased model of Bournemouth, before which we have spent many an enjoyable and profitable hour. But what of Paddington, that cavern ? And what of the fake-Gothic gloom of St. Pancras ? And, still more, what of King's Cross, designed, they say, deliberately to discourage the Scottish invasion ? We may be wrong, but there may be an Act of Parliament forbidding the renovation of King's Cross. The L.N.E.R. can probably go as modern as it likes with buffet-cars and Silver Jubilee streamline expresses, but there must be by law no fooling about with a terminus which welcomes the arriving Scot like one of the bleaker, frowsier, more snarling, dogfaced landladies of the grim quarter adjacent. We can suggest only one improvement—the floor of the refreshment room ought to be perpetually wet and smelling of soap.

A century hence we may have a London terminus remotely resembling the vast cathedral-like beauty and stillness of the Grand Central in New York, or one with a restaurant like the Gare de Lyon, where gourmets used to eat, and possibly still do. (Fancy giving a luncheon party in a London railway restaurant !) Even then it might be as well to keep King's Cross just as it is, except that by that time travellers from Scotland might be met by masses of porters with mops, hitting 'em across the ear and shouting " Back ! "

Our Mutual Friend

It was inevitable that during the recent centenary orgies of the Pickwickolators a shrill cry should be raised for a Dickens statue in London ; as if London hadn't enough public statues anyway. Is there a statue of Dickens anywhere in this country ? They 've got a big one in one of the American city parks, we forget which. Dickens is seated and Little Nell appears shyly below, though she isn't—as you probably expected—kept there by a large boot on her dumb, terrible little head. This statue illustrates a pretty generous and forgiving attitude towards the creator of Jefferson Brick, Hannibal Chollop, Mrs. Hominy, *et al.* Moreover, it shows a liberal attitude towards the writing boys in general which we 've never shown in England. That so-so Shakespeare statue in Leicester Square, if you remember, was put up by a foreigner. It ought to have shown Shakespeare thumbing his nose at the apathetic populace.

If we must have a Dickens statue in London it ought to be an arresting and interesting one, out of the usual dreary rut. Dickens in bed, say. Dickens in a hackney cab with the blinds drawn. Dickens dancing a fandango with

" Do drive through the park, Mr. Hillier ! "

" But, surely, Paris has decreed the higher waistline ? "

Chapman and Hall over the monthly royalties return. Dickens in a diver's dress five fathoms deep off Portsmouth Harbour. Dickens giving somebody bending a furtive whack with a cricket bat, thinking it 's a member of the Dickens Fellowship. Or the statue might have standard draperies and a removable head, making it possible to utilise it henceforth as a statue of any other national literary celebrity who may need honouring—Trollope, say, or P. G. Wodehouse, or Dryden, or Ethel Mannin. Now we think of it, that 's a pretty sound suggestion. Scrap 'em all except one. Just one statue for the whole of London, and once a month it turns into somebody else—think of the saving.

Since You Ask

TALKING of statues, incidentally, we 've received a complaint that our descriptive tour the other day of the palatial new BYSTANDER offices omitted all mention of statuary, if any. Well, well, well, that 's soon remedied. Statues in marble of the following, all heroes and heroines of ours, adorn the foyer, the grand staircase, the Mirror Gallery, the Renaissance ballroom, and the Editor's snuggery :

Julius Cæsar, Julius Hagen, Albert the Good, Sir Wm. Goode, the Swedish Nightingale, Florence Nightingale, the Jersey Lily, the Lily of Laguna, the Young Pretender, the Old Curiosity Shop, William Tell, William Rufus, Rufus Isaacs, William Walton, Izaak Walton, Mae West, Rebecca West, Grace Darling, Wendy Darling, Fred Darling, Lord Darling, Dante, Red Hugh O'Donnell, Black Archie Macdonell, Pink Ramsay MacDonald, the Fair Maid of Perth, Little Annie Rooney, Tiny Tim, Gladstone, Einstein, Epstein, Salmon and Gluckstein, Senator Borah, Ibsen's Nora, Dusty Rhodes, C. E. M. Joad, Gengis Khan, Otto Kahn, Neill of the Five Hostages, Anna of the Five Towns, Alexander the Great, Alexander Korda, Charlotte Corday, Don John of Austria, Isidore Ostrer, Diarmaid MacDonnchada MicMurchada, Confucius, the Miller's Daughter, the Tiller Girls, the Brontë girls, the beautiful Langhornes of Virginia, Virginia Woolf, Wolfe Tone, Humbert Wolfe, C. M. Woolff, Henry Hall, Albert Hall, Schiaparelli, Machiavelli, Jelly d'Aranyi, Hunyadi Janos, Jane Seymour, Seymour Hicks, Joe Sacks, Arnold Bax, Charles James Fox, Harpo Marx, Karl Marx, Marks and Spencer, Edmund Spenser, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Tennyson Jesse, Jessie Matthews, Matthew Arnold, Arnold Bennett, Benno Moiseivitch, Moses Maimonides, Mayor Walker, Johnnie Walker, Tom Bowling, Tom Webster, Clytemnestra, Norman the Butcher, Jack the Ripper, Ysolde of the White Hands, Quaglino, Deidre of the Sorrows, " Jumbo " Jolliffe, and the Man in the Iron Mask.

Okay ?

Bright Town

PONDERING over a recent dictum—we forget whose—that while London looks sneeringly down on the provinces, it 's humble and rather in awe of New York, we deemed it to be broadly true, the obvious explanation being the degree of sophistication involved. London is to New York, in the matter of sophistication, as the provinces are to London.

One big reason for New York's superiority in this way must be the mixture of blood prevailing among

" He breeds them himself "

the citizenry, which has produced a quick-witted and cynical population ; especially as regards the Semitic dash. There are no wits among us of the hard brilliance of, say, George S. Kaufman, Dorothy Parker, Heywood Broun, Ben Hecht, George Jean Nathan, H. L. Mencken, and half a dozen others, not to speak of Nordics like Robert Benchley, James Thurber, Alexander Woolcott, Elmer Rice, Donald Ogden Stewart, Frank Sullivan, and Ogden Nash, whose brains are equally sharp and gay. Nor is there any nursery of wit in London like the *New Yorker*, by whose side Auntie *Punch* looks a pretty clumping old spinster, God bless her poor old aching feet.

To do it justice, New York as an entity is perfectly aware of its position and puts on not a few frills thereby. The only native wit who seems to have made a long nose at the burg and its smart guys is O. Henry, who, if you remember, called it among other rude names Badville-near-Coney, Bunkum Town, Caoutchouc City (on account of its million rubbernecks), and Yaptown-on-the-Hudson (" that aviary overstocked with jays ").

To tell the truth, the town is apt to get on one's nerves after a short while. Too many wisecracks, too many lights, too many big headlines, too much professional New Yorker-ism among New Yorkers, if you get our meaning. It 's very restful to get back and read nice, quiet news turned out (one might almost believe, such is the violence of the change) on hand-presses with wooden type by the sturdy hicks on Fleet Street.

Ave Atque Vale

We took a final look at Adelphi Terrace the other day and found it pretty melancholy. The housebreakers hadn't actually begun, but the old deserted houses seemed wrapped in gloom and despair, especially Garrick's house, No. 5, which has seen such a lot of gaiety in its day. We wondered what use the commemorative tablet on its front will be when a huge barrack of offices has risen on the site. In future years this may be something of a problem for the antiquaries. (" In one of the buildings on this site lived So-and-So.")

Musing rather sombrely on this, we were cheered by observing that there seems to be no danger of Sir James Barrie's being turned out of his flat on the top floor of the most westerly house in the Terrace.

Barrie's flat has a big room overlooking the river, with an inglenook and a log fire. His canary, who got a good Press a couple of years ago by reason of its master's shyly confessing to long midnight chats with it, is no different from any other canary except that it wears a wee invisible fairy hat.

G. Bernard Shaw's old top-floor flat on the corner of Robert Street, opposite, is doomed, however. What times we 've had there, trying to get the shy old recluse to think a bit more of himself and not be so dumb with people. The way he used to duck behind things when anybody called ! Just like a startled fawn he was, poor dear.

Is It Cricket ?

As many expected, Mr. Richard Halliburton, who crossed the Alps last year on an elephant, has put it all in a book which every women's club in the Middle West must be yearning over at this moment. Having now wandered with Ulysses, swum the Hellespont with Leander, run the Marathon race with Pheidippides and crossed the Alps with Hannibal, Mr. Halliburton must be finding it difficult to discover other heroic doings to repeat, unless he opens a vein in the bath like Petronius, or leaps on horseback into a yawning chasm like that Roman patriot whose name 's always on the tip of our tongue.

His Alpine venture strikes us as not so hot. Half the interest in it attaches naturally to the elephant, and although elephants don't undertake Middle West lecture tours —at least not since 1928—a lot of Halliburton fans may find their allegiance wavering. (Robert Louis Stevenson made the same fatal mistake with his donkey tour in the Cevennes.) Which of the two, Mr. Halliburton or the elephant, actually wrote the book doesn't matter. What matters is that the author in such cases inevitably divides the public's interest with his dumb confrère, which isn't good, as anyone in the booksy racket will tell you.

We wouldn't worry about having elephants in the racket if we weren't concerned about Literature. Animal lovers can't approve it much, either.

" O.K.—but it will have to taste lousy before we can sell it "

Films of the Day: By George Campbell

The Passing of a Great Figure

Odd, isn't it, that in a business where good looks and sex-appeal are supposed to be almost everything, the greatest box-office attraction of the past decade has been a middle-aged cowboy with as homely a countenance as you could find in all the West? Of Will Rogers's last dozen pictures, none grossed less than a million dollars; he earned £5,000,000 for Fox; he was America's highest-paid stage actor, film actor, broadcaster, and journalist.

I have just been reading *Will Rogers: Ambassador of Good Will*, by P. J. O'Brien (Hutchinson; 12*s.* 6*d.*). It is a competent job of book-making, nothing more; but every now and then the subject takes charge of the author; and something of Will Rogers's personality, at once lovable and strong, amiable and witty, rough but gentle and sweet-tempered, shows through and gives the commonplace prose character if not exactly distinction.

Will Rogers was born in a ranch-house in the old Indian Territory, now called Oklahoma. Of his parents he once said: "My father was one-eighth Cherokee and my mother one-fourth Cherokee, which I figure makes me about one-eighth cigar store Indian." And again: "My ancestors didn't come over in the Mayflower—they met the boat."

Brought up in a wild young country, where cattle-raising was the staple industry, and cattle-stealing and rodeos the favourite pastimes, Rogers learned to ride and rope steers almost as soon as he could walk. He wandered up and down the world, working as a gaucho in the Argentine and "valet to a cargo of mules" destined for the use of British troops in South Africa during the Boer War.

There, in Johannesburg, was an American showman named "Texas Jack" doing a comparatively simple trick with a rope.

"Twenty pounds to any member of the audience who can perform this trick!" he shouted.

To Will Rogers it was easy money. He performed the simple trick and threw in some fancy ones for the fun of it. But when he demanded his £20 the showman confessed. He hadn't twenty shillings. Instead he offered the cowboy a job with the show. Thus Rogers entered on the career that took him all over the world, brought him fame, the friendship of presidents and princes, and the greatest fortune ever accumulated by an entertainer.

Will Rogers came back to America broke. Before long we find him working on a vaudeville circuit and not making any fortune at it. It was strictly a "dumb" act. Not until 1912 did he learn that he could make audiences laugh. He had missed lassooing the horse that galloped nightly across the stage. "Waal," he drawled, "if he'd stuck out his tongue I'd sho' enough caught him." It doesn't look very funny in print. Many of the best comedians' jokes don't. But it made the audience howl, and when the next season opened Rogers had no need of the galloping rider: he was elevated to the dignity of a single turn, and instead of twelve minutes his act ran forty-five. He had got into "big-time" at last.

I have thought it worth while to recall some of Rogers's early days because they coloured his personality and gave character to his humour. As a cowboy he began, and a cowboy he remained, still talking the idiom of the West, still given to roping cows and breaking horses on his holidays as other men hurry to the golf course. Hobnobbing with statesmen and millionaires and duchesses, earning £200,000 a year, he remained completely unspoiled by success, just as, when working nightly amongst the lovely half-clad Follies' girls, he steered clear of them all. Had he ever read Kipling's "If" it would probably have inspired a wisecrack; but if ever a man stood for what Kipling was defining, the man was Will Rogers.

Rogers's humour was essentially topical, and that sort of humour doesn't wear. But at the time it was often devastating. Politicians in particular were his meat. Once the pompous William Jennings Bryan was foolish enough to rebuke him for a jibe.

"I'm a humorous writer," explained Rogers, by way of a plea for leniency.

"I am a serious writer!" retorted Bryan, drawing himself up stiffly.

"Maybe we're both wrong," commented Will Rogers.

He even dared to single out President Wilson—a great patron of vaudeville in those days.

"President Wilson is getting along fine now to what he was a few months ago," he drawled. "Do you realise, folks, that at one time in our negotiations with Germany he was five Notes behind?"

Here are a few other characteristic dicta:

"Turkey had some hard luck last week. They had a war all booked, and it was cancelled on them at the last minute. You know, you can't go to war with Turkey on a minute's notice. You have to book it way ahead. They look at their catalogues and tell you they are fighting in 1930. They have so many wars, they say like a baseball team: 'We lost five and won three and are still in the second division. Next year we'll go out and do better."

"The Prince [King Edward VIII.] knows good horseflesh when he sees it. . . . And don't forget those point-to-point races that fellow rides in England. They aren't like cross-country affairs here with artificial fences that collapse if a horse touches them. They have stone walls built by some king a million years ago for jumps. If your horse hits one of them you fall."

(To an American women's club): "You women just prowl from one meeting to another. Each one of you ought to be home cookin' lunch instead of bein' here. Americans will join anything in town but their families."

"England has more money invested in dress suits and dinner jackets than America has ploughs and farming utensils. It is open season now in Europe for grouse and Americans: they shoot the grouse to put them out of their misery."

But I realise it's hopeless: if you never saw and heard Will Rogers, wisecracks in print mean nothing. He once sat beside me in a studio and talked for an hour—a continuous flow of anecdotes, quaint philosophy and apothegms with an unexpected twist. He could walk on to a stage and, without make-up or assistance, keep a great audience in convulsions. But just how he did it—to understand that you had to know the weatherbeaten face, the twinkling eyes, the trick of scratching the tousled head, the Oklahoma drawl, the perfect timing (with the trick of anti-climax), and, above all, the essential sweetness and generosity that made him the best-loved figure in the world.

A great roper, a great humorist, a great actor, a great gentlemen.

Walls, Lynn and Hare again:
"Pot Luck" at the New Gallery

Tom Walls directed the latest film farce from the old Aldwych stable which went to the New Gallery on Sunday. "Pot Luck" might be by any previous Walls-Lynn-Hare piece out of any other one—it has bred so true that its performance is routine; but the acting is as good as ever. Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn (on the left, slightly soiled) chase some crooks who have concealed a stolen art treasure in Robertson Hare's grounds. Hare aids the law "under strong protest," and Diana Churchill is aiding him (on the right) to bring about the final triumph of justice

She's Arrested for Stealing Roses

Grace Moore in Ruritania

Her New Film is "Cecelia"

Grace Moore's new film is a light-hearted Ruritanian romance with no startling originality about it, except that Fritz Kreisler composed its music, and that Josef von Sternberg has directed the opera-singer star for the first time. In the story, Grace Moore is Cecelia, a Duke of Bavaria's daughter, whose sister (Frieda Inescourt) is engaged to the young Emperor (Franchot Tone). But sister Helena loves someone else, so naturally the Emperor falls in love with Cecelia the instant he sees her picking flowers in his garden, and after enough complications to spin out the tale, he and she become a happy pair of lovers "acclaimed by the populace." *Cecelia* is on its way to London, but there's no definite news yet when it is to be shown

Franchot Tone and Grace Moore

The "Bystander" Bookshelf : By Alan Thomas

Re-Enter Mr. Morgan

A new novel by Mr. Charles Morgan is an event in the literary world. *The Fountain* placed him in the first flight of international best-sellers, and his admirers have had to wait four years for its successor, *Sparkenbroke* (Macmillan ; 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is a long novel in the typical Morgan manner, telling the story of Piers Tenniel, Lord Sparkenbroke, peer, writer and poet. He is married to an American whom he no longer loves and who is rich enough to keep up the ancestral estates in Dorset, where she lives, while her husband follows his muse and his amours in Italy. On one of his brief visits to his English home, Sparkenbroke meets Mary Leward (eighteen and beautiful). They fall in love. But George Hardy, the village doctor and lifelong friend of Sparkenbroke, also loves the girl. So Piers throws Mary over and returns to Italy. George then marries her and all goes well, till she accidentally meets Sparkenbroke at Lucca, where their love is rekindled. But again they part, and Mary returns to her understanding husband, still technically, at all events, a faithful wife. There is a third and final episode when Sparkenbroke goes once more to Dorset and sees Mary. They decide to elope and arrange to meet in a wood at night. Mary, early for the assignation, with suitcase fortuitously tied with cord, suddenly decides to resolve her difficulties by hanging herself. But the cord (like Mr. Morgan's book) is too long, and failing in her attempt, she returns once more to the forgiving George. Sparkenbroke turns up for the elopement in time to see Mary's retreat and falls dead from an attack of angina.

That, very baldly, is the story that Mr. Morgan takes what seemed to me an unconscionable time in telling.

The success of the book lies in just how far Sparkenbroke is credible. He describes himself in terms of "extravagant fame and spectacular withdrawals ; a developed sensuality and a monkish spirit within." So that he might have added that he was obsessed with the idea of death which he believed to be a "re-entry into a continuous reality from which birth and sensuous existence are a divagation." His family vault, which he frequently visits, he looks upon as "the cradle of his rest where the entanglement of the flesh was lightest upon him." As for Sparkenbroke's poetic genius, Mr. Morgan is bold enough to quote fragments of his hero's poems so that the reader may judge for himself. The book is packed with discussions and speculations which will not be without longueurs for those of us who like a plain, unvarnished tale. But whatever we may think of Mr. Morgan's tortured, star-crossed lovers, there remains the beauty of his style. When he describes the English countryside or the Italian plains he gives us passages of exquisite loveliness.

Mr. J. B. Morton's latest book, *The Bastille Falls* (Longmans ; 12*s.* 6*d.*), contains graphic descriptions of some of the more dramatic events of the French Revolution. The stories range over five years from the fall of the Bastille to the death of Robespierre, and include accounts of the March of the Women on Versailles, the September Massacres, the death of Louis XVI., and the life and death of Charlotte Corday.

The author does not pretend here to discuss the philosophy, motives, or long-term results of the Revolution. What he is concerned with is the facts ; and he gives them to us out of his ripe knowledge and love of the period. It is as though you were reading the accounts of an eye-witness gifted with unusual power of description. Mr. Morton's prose has a colour and dignity that makes it worthy of its theme. He can create atmosphere with an economy of words. Take, for example, the chapter on the storming of the Tuileries. You can feel the suspense, "the sense of something closing in on the brilliantly lighted rooms" ; you can hear the sound "that froze the listeners with horror. The slow, heavy beat of the bells . . . moving like a great wave across the city. It was the tocsin." Or take the story of the Little Serving Maid, Rosalie Lamorlière, who attended Marie-Antoinette in her last days. Nothing could be more simply, more briefly told, yet told with greater feeling.

Mr. Morton has chosen a subject which responds admirably to his treatment. I strongly recommend the book.

If you are looking for a good detective-story, try Milward Kennedy's *Sic Transit Gloria* (Gollancz ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). James Southern, author, returning one evening to his flat in Ramillies Place, finds Gloria waiting for him. From her chair she looks as though she were about to spring at him. But, alas ! there is no spring left in Gloria. Ichabod, as one might say. Enter the police : Who is Gloria ? What is she ? A journalist, apparently. International politics and all that. By and by enter Baron Erczlas von Eidentrop, tough guy and parcel-snatcher ; Greenawalt and Viner, American journalists and habitués of the Café Royal. Also a gentleman (?) named von Steuben, who lives in a Bloomsbury boarding-house and has "no guts." Inspector Mott is in charge of the case and fills his notebook with information conscientiously collected. But it is Southern who does the successful sleuthing.

Mr. Milward Kennedy calls his book an experiment in the sense that the "rules" of the detective novel have not been rigidly applied. But I found nothing to quarrel with. Such loose ends as are left are not material, and the final chapter contains the neatest thing in unexpected twists that I have read for a long time.

Mr. Kennedy writes so well that the *lapsus calami* in the fourth line of page 215 may be taken as an indication of his resemblance to Homer—in that they both occasionally nod.

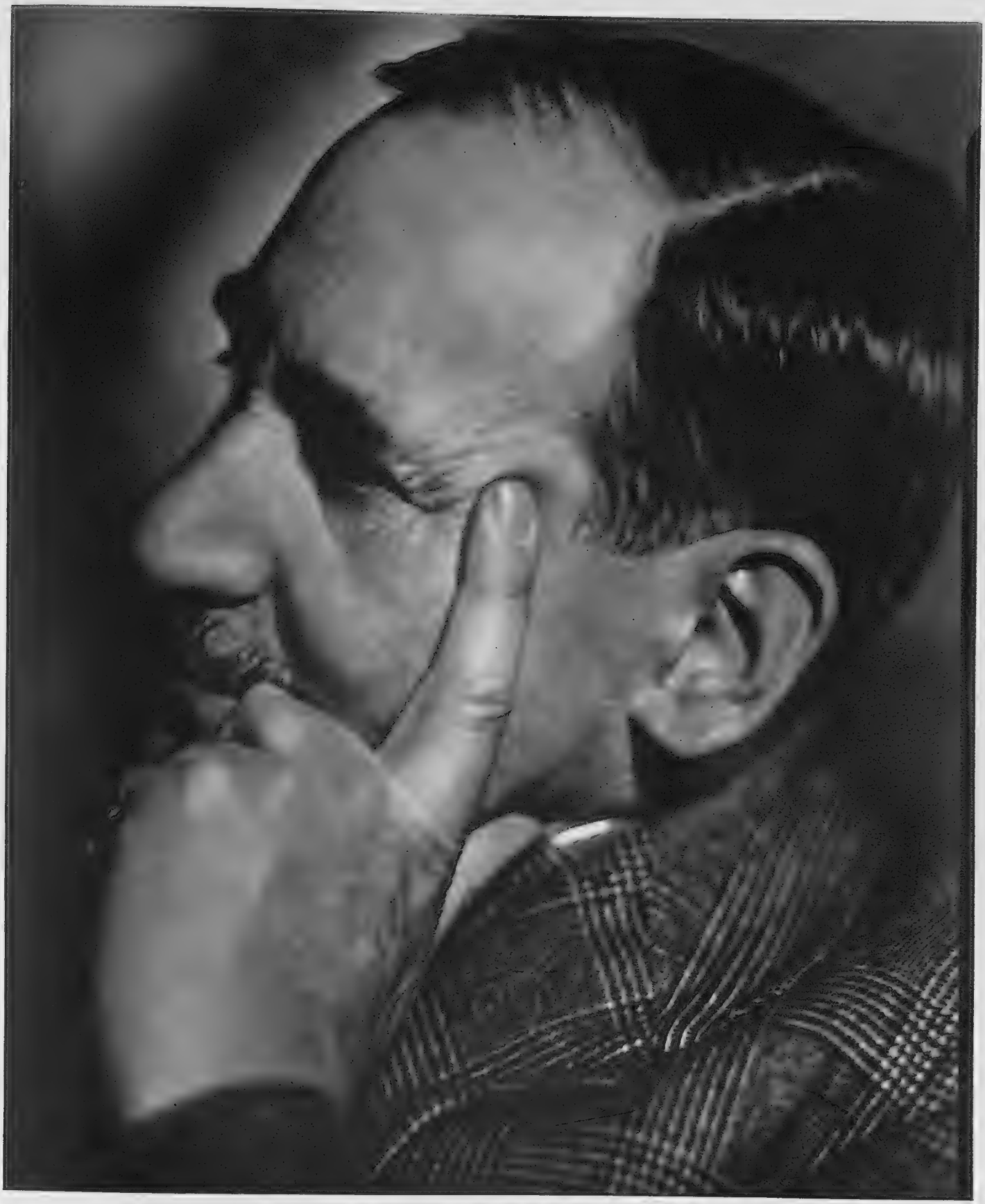
"For Readers Only," by J. Penn (Chapman and Hall ; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is a book all about the British Museum Reading-Room, its occupants past and present. We start with a chatty account of the place and of its originator, Antonio Genesio Maria Panizzi, whose bust to-day stands over the entrance of the Reading-Room. We go on to hear about some of the famous men and women who made a habit of using the Reading-Room. After that we have descriptions and anecdotes, many of them about the queer, cranky types that the author has come across in the B. M.—the old man, for example, who profaned the Two Minutes' Silence by turning over the leaves of a catalogue and proved to be a stone-deaf native of Iceland.

Mr. Penn's style irritated me a little at first, particularly when he started apostrophising Samuel Butler. But I settled down to it and found much that was of interest. It is the sort of book you can open anywhere and come across some oddly amusing anecdotes. There are a few cartoons in it by David Low.

Swaebe

Mrs. Charles Morgan

Was at the first night of the Agatha Christie thriller, "Love from a Stranger," at the New Theatre, with her dramatic-critic husband, whose new novel, "Sparkenbroke," is reviewed on this page. She writes under her maiden name, Hilda Vaughan



Howard Coster

Bernard Darwin—Golfers' Sir Oracle

And it 's not only golfers who read Bernard Darwin: there are devotees of his Saturday articles in the *Times* whose friendship with the game is no closer than an occasional walk round the course with their families. He has made golf into literature in the *Times* and *Country Life* for a number of years, has published a dozen books on the game, and two or three on *his* Sir Oracle, Charles Dickens. He is the son of the late Sir Francis Darwin, F.R.S., and a grandson of Charles Darwin, went to Eton and Cambridge, and played for three years for his University, captaining it in 1897. He has played eight times for England against Scotland, once for Great Britain against America, and twice was an Amateur Championship semi-finalist. He never writes more amusingly than about a match in which he took part—such occasions are worth watching for. He lives in Kent, is married and has a son and two daughters, and his recreation is—golf

London Landma

Views from the M
Queer Little Me

A Cage Frame for Tower Bridge

A south-easterly view from the Monument, taken through the cage that now protects intending suicides from themselves. Six people killed themselves by jumping off the platform at the top before the cage was put there

Right: a northerly townscape from the Monument, with Gracechurch Street as centre-piece

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

The Monument was de built in 1675-6, an memorates the start o on September 2nd, 16 Monument is 202 fe first flames sprang ab high. 345 steps in

rks : Variations on the Great Fire

nument Where It Began in 1666, and the orial Which Marks the Legendary End

gned by Christopher Wren, cost £13,700. It com- he Great Fire of London , in Pudding Lane. The from the shop where the o was built just 202 feet ide it lead to the top

Right: this odd little cherub at Pye's Corner, where Cock Lane and Giltspur Street meet, was chosen to mark the point where the Great Fire of London is supposed to have stopped. How does anyone decide where a fire stops that's burnt out half a city? Or is it just a boundary mark?

An Eastward View Across Dockland

W. H. Page

A Viennese Film First Night at the Academy Cinema

Above on the left are Lord and Lady Milne, and above are Mrs. John Musker and Sir John and Lady Smiley. They were all at the première of "Liebesmelodie," a Viennese musical comedy (from Lehar's "Clo-Clo") which has the lovely Marta Eggerth as star

London Nights

Some Pre-Easter Dates

W. H. Page

Mr. and Mrs. Antony Acton and (centre) Mrs. R. J. Pinto were also at the Academy for the "Liebesmelodie" première. Captain R. J. Pinto is the chairman and managing director of that most intelligently run cinema

At the Cambridge Golf Ball

Lady Worthington-Evans and Mrs. Graeme Ogden are the two lovely blondes, and Mr. Eustace Storey is talking to them at supper at the Cambridge University Golf Club Ball at Grosvenor House

Swaebe

At a Stage First Night

Lord and Lady Doverdale were in the audience at the New Theatre for the first night of "Love From a Stranger," the Agatha Christie thriller in which Frank Vosper and Marie Ney are having such a huge success

"Bystander" Short Story No. 33

See-Saw : By Sewell Stokes

If a man doubts his importance in the social scheme, he need only overhear the chatter of women to assure himself that he is at all times the centre of interest. What avid discussions is it that a waitress occasionally abandons in order to serve you? What occupies the mind of the shop-girl who is so singularly inattentive to your requirements? What subject monopolises the eternal gossipry which ladies of leisure interrupt with a hundred sips of tea? The male himself supplies an answer to these questions.

According to women, a man may be the Lord of Creation, or the meanest worm that ever crawled from under a paving-stone. Distinctions are irrelevant. No more than a matter of personal prejudice. But the fact remains, women can't get men out of their thoughts. And why should they?

Those who would hear the stronger sex (so called) more freely discussed than anywhere else on earth, should eavesdrop at the keyholes of theatre dressing-rooms. For there it is of men, and men only, that the girls prattle, as they slap the wet-white on their shapely arms, and paint their eyelids blue.

"So I said to him, 'Who do you think I am, talking to me like that?' And then he said to me . . ."

It is a council of war, at which the latest encounters with the common enemy are discussed. From experiences thus brought to light each girl selects her cue, to be remembered and used with added point when the next battle starts.

Doris and Cherry were pals. Together they had come to London in search of theatrical fame, and during three years had succeeded in decorating the chorus of more than one musical comedy. One would not take an engagement unless the other was included. In the profession they were what is known as a "joint," and amongst their friends had earned for themselves the nickname of "The Sticker Girls." In good times and bad they stuck together, fighting life side by side; yet temperamentally they were as different as silk is from calico.

Cherry was the silky one. You had only to look at her clothes to know that she had ambitions. What she wore was always a cheap imitation of something she 'd seen drifting down Bond Street, but she knew *how* to wear it. Those lovely, golden-brown eyes of hers missed nothing when her smarter sisters were about, and they positively devoured those pictures in the illustrated weeklies which show us just how richly the rich live. She did not doubt that one day she, too, would be photographed riding side-saddle, supping with a diplomat, or lolling on the Lido.

"Everything comes to those who wait," she was never tired of telling Doris; who would reply, crushingly, that she hoped their landlady thought as much.

Doris lived according to her means—or tried to. When you have no means, or even the promise of an engagement on which to obtain credit, life can be a pain in the pit of the stomach. There were slack summer months when Cherry might have had to keep up her ambition on no more than dry biscuits and a glass of milk. But at the last minute Doris, who was a born manager of diminutive exchequers, invariably came to the rescue with a shilling or two saved in her money-box; after which the girls helped themselves out on buns, or fruit bought at the street-stall. Kindness was Doris's middle name, and although it hurt her to see Cherry paying for a "diamond" necklace money which would have been better spent on a pound of steak, she kept her mouth shut.

"Cherry 's only a child," she 'd say, regarding her friend from the high altitude of a year's seniority. "In time she 'll grow up."

Sketch by Keith Bryant

"It looks like your husband will be opening the door of the car mine gets out of," said Cherry

It was during one of those long theatrical runs, the credit for which is bestowed on himself by the star, the composer, the librettist, the manager, the publicity-agent, and the call-boy, that the "Sticker Girls" threatened to become unstuck. Quarrels between them developed on the slightest provocation, and the sharp words they exchanged were listened to by their colleagues in the dressing-room with frank astonishment. Nobody had ever believed that two such devoted partners could fall out; yet for some weeks now they had blazed away at each other like a couple of small machine-guns. And the fly in the ointment of their happiness was—you 've guessed it—Man.

Do not be led into thinking that this is the story of two girls who lost their hearts to the same Lothario, and couldn't bear to give him up. It isn't even a version of the old triangle theme. For as it happened, Doris and Cherry had found a man apiece. And the trouble with them was, that neither considered the other's choice to be a good enough one for her friend.

The man Doris lay awake at nights thinking about was one of those servants of the State who, once the helmet is removed, are discovered to be human beings. She found it most satisfying to reflect that a pair of arms capable of holding up the entire traffic in Piccadilly Circus, liked best of all to hold her in a tight embrace. A policeman's lot was reputed not to be a happy one, but this Doris planned to alter—at least, so far as Bob was concerned. Instinctively she knew that Bob would make her the right sort of husband. And she gave herself

(*Continued on page 114*)

See-Saw *(continued)*

good references for the job of being his wife.

When mentioning Cherry's golden-brown eyes, I forgot to add that hers was a kind of blonde head which makes the sunshine jealous, and that her ruby mouth might have been designed for the special purpose of giving and receiving kisses. So that it would have been surprising indeed if some beau had not set out to win her. Actually several had made the effort, but without success.

For it must be admitted that Cherry was prepared to give her hand in marriage only to the suitor who could cover it (and its twin) with those trinkets she 'd gazed at from the wrong side of Cartier's window. When, therefore, there appeared upon her scene an admirer to whom money was no obstacle, she knew that patience had at last been rewarded. Careful investigation proved to her that the husband she had chosen was as good as a millionaire; one of those dazzling financiers whose name comes prominently before the public only when they receive a knighthood, or a term of penal servitude. Cherry had gained her ambition.

"How 's Old Moneybags this evening?" asked Doris, not turning from the mirror in which, intently, she examined a cream-smeared reflection.

Cherry, as was her habit these days, had arrived late at the theatre, and started hurriedly to undress.

"My fiancé," she replied, "is about to bring off one of the biggest business deals of his career. He 's most frightfully busy."

"Bob 's working hard, too."

"So I observed. He was having a spot of bother with the traffic as I came in just now. His must be an exhausting job."

"He likes it."

Down the length of the dressing-room meaning glances were exchanged, and ears strained to catch the latest development in hostilities.

"The way things are at present," said Cherry, "it looks like your husband will be opening the door of the car mine gets out of."

"Then I hope," said Doris, "that your husband is liberal with his tips!"

Repartee, as pointed as it could be made, became the staple conversation of the "Sticker Girls." No opportunity of scoring a verbal thrust was missed by either of them. At heart their intentions were sound; each genuinely believed the other to be making an unwise plunge into the sea of matrimony; but from the wrangling which went on, it was difficult to believe that they were not enemies.

"'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy,'" said Doris, quoting the one line of Shakespeare that she remembered. "Hamlet said that, and he might have added that 'it 's time some of us stopped dreaming, and got wise to ourselves.'"

"I never knew," said Cherry, "that you were a highbrow."

"Or that you were high-hat."

"Who 's high-hat?"

"I wonder!"

"Don't make me laugh."

When the announcement of Cherry's betrothal found its way on to the front page of all three evening papers, Doris decided that wild horses wouldn't drag her to within a mile of the church at which her friend intended making a fool of herself. Nevertheless, Doris found her way to the edge of one of the largest crowds ever gathered round the steps of St. Margaret's, Westminster; and there, in the company of a thousand other round-eyed women, she caught a glimpse of her erstwhile chum, smothered in blossom, treading the red carpet.

"Not much to look at," was Doris's aside to herself, as she saw the fat little man whom, a few minutes before, Doris had promised to honour and obey. "A man can't have everything, and he 's got money!"

It certainly was not Cherry's fault that for a few years she saw nothing whatever of Doris. At the commencement of her married life she made one or two attempts to renew the friendship. But nothing was allowed to come of it. Doris had her own firmly established ideas about what she called "being patronised"; and she even returned to its sender a generous cheque which arrived on the occasion of her own marriage to Bob. She enclosed with it a note, thanking Cherry for her good wishes, and ending with the information that, though not rolling in money, she and Bob expected to make ends meet.

Just how often, during the years of their separation, the two girls thought of one another, it is impossible to tell. But one imagines not infrequently. And it could have been for no other reason than to keep abreast of Cherry's social activities that Doris took to spending what money was left over from her housekeeping, on the purchase of illustrated weeklies. In these she was always coming across pictures of Cherry, who was described as "being seen about everywhere," a phrase which meant that she appeared often at functions made fashionable by the set in which she moved.

"Doesn't she look sweet?" Doris would say, handing to Bob a picture in which Cherry had been caught by the camera attending a bazaar, or sunbathing on the Riviera.

"Do you think," Bob would remove his pipe to say, "that she looks happy?"

At once Doris was on the defensive. It was as if, in the old days, somebody had criticised her friend.

"She can't be expected to laugh like a hyena all the time. I dare say she's very happy."

"Are you, Dot?"

"What a question!"

"I thought," said Bob, just to tease her, "you might sometimes want to be back on the stage."

"Don't you believe it. Marriage has given my feet the rest they needed!"

(Continued on page 116)

Social Courage

By Rose Henniker Heaton — No. 5

Mr. and Mrs. Jubkins have sent a valuable dessert-set as a wedding present to Miss Celia Campaigner.

When the Jubkins arrive at the reception they are surprised to see their card attached to a rather shabby-looking embroidered workbag, while the dessert-set occupies the place of honour, and on it a card is inscribed: "With best wishes from Her Serene Highness Princess Maria von Richtenland."

Query. What should the Jubkins do?

Tennis Star and Stage Star

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Austin

"Bunny" Austin and Phyllis Konstam were married in 1931 and now they live, when his tennis or her stage and film career isn't taking one or other of them away from home, at a Bell Moor, Hampstead, address. Phyllis Konstam studied for the stage in Paris at the Comédie Française and Conservatoire, made her London debut in 1925, and started filming five years later. Austin, who will be thirty this year, won the Public Schoolboys' singles when he was fifteen, and next year was Junior Champion in singles, doubles and mixed doubles. In 1926 he first played for England in a match against America, captained Cambridge in 1928 and the same year got into the fourth round at Wimbledon. The year 1929 saw him in the Davis Cup team, and a Wimbledon singles semi-finalist. In 1932 and 1933 he made tennis history—first by being the first English singles finalist at Wimbledon (v. H. E. Vines) since 1922, and then by playing in the team that won the Davis Cup for England for the first time for twenty-one years. He has an unbeaten record against the American Davis Cup player. Experts like him better in team than in championship matches; temperamentally he is not "cast-iron" and is more liable to "off" phases than most first-class players, but he is an incomparable stylist and has often had his name linked for comparison with the halo-ed Dohertys

Photographs by Bassano

See-Saw *(Continued from page 114)*

THE day before her baby was born, Doris went about as usual, preparing meals at such odd hours as are known only to the wives of policemen. Though she would not for the world have mentioned it to anybody, she did wish that enough money had been forthcoming to ensure her a few weeks in the health-giving air of the country. Cherry, as all who read their papers knew, was also expecting a "happy event," and had long since retired to her husband's castle in Scotland. If it could ever with justice be said that Doris felt a pang of jealousy on the other's account, it was when she considered the fortunate circumstances which now surrounded her. And then it was not of herself, but of the child that she was thinking. Anyway, the single moment of disloyalty was quickly forgotten.

"I'll call her Cherry!" were almost Doris's first words, as she beheld her baby in the nurse's arms. "She's as pretty as Cherry. Or *will* be."

Five years can bring much to those who are not content to let life pass them by. To Bob they brought the promotion which entitled Doris to call herself an Inspector's wife; and to Cherry that position in London society which only those who work for it know how hard it is to attain. Neither of the girls caught so much as a glimpse of the other, which is not to be wondered at, considering how wide was the gulf which separated them.

CHERRY was the first to break the silence of years. With something of that secret thrill which must have been Noah's when he saw the returned dove bearing an olive leaf, Doris received one morning a note from her old friend. It was a brief note, asking her to tea.

"Of course, I shan't go," she told Bob, who knew very well she'd never be able to resist the invitation. "The idea! Thinking she can pick me up just when it suits her. After all this time, too."

"That's right," said Bob. "Don't you be put upon by anybody."

"Who's being put upon, I should like to know?" As in the old days, Doris was still quick to defend her friend against outside criticism. "Depend upon it," she said, "if Cherry's asked for me, it's because she needs me. Why, it's my duty to go. Though she needn't expect me to be too sweet to her!"

Elaborate were the preparations made by Doris in anticipation of her afternoon call in Mayfair. Though not a believer in outward show, she was determined on this occasion to make the best of her appearance. In case it should be thought that she was in any need of patronage, she paid more than usual for a new hat and a smart pair of shoes. Unaccustomed to "society" she might be; but that was no reason why, when she chose to enter it for an afternoon, she need feel inferior.

Nevertheless, a sense of belittlement, which even her hat and shoes failed to dispel, invaded Doris as she approached that imposing street of houses off Park Lane in which Cherry lived. And not before she had walked twice round the block, telling herself how absurd it was to be intimidated by the prospect of meeting a girl with whom she'd often in the past shared her last boiled egg, had she sufficient courage to knock at the door.

Once inside the house she felt that she was taking part in a film. Up such a grand staircase as the one she now ascended, in the wake of a dignified footman, had she many times watched the stars of the cinema trailing their robes of glory. Her heart thumped madly as the double doors of a room on the first floor were opened, and her presence was clearly announced.

The great room seemed to her empty at first. Then she noticed, sitting by a window at the far end, a small figure she would have recognised anywhere as Cherry's.

YOU are wrong to suppose that at sight the two girls, each calling the other's name, embraced wildly, and shed tears of joy. For some minutes an awkward nervousness held them captive, and they were threatened with an inability to discuss any more important topic than the present state of the weather.

Doris thought that Cherry had changed very little in appearance, but not for the better. A sadness was in those golden-brown eyes, which anybody familiar with her knew should have sparkled; and there was about her an unmistakably wistful air, as if at heart she was anything but happy.

"Are you all right, Cherry? It's a lovely place you've got here, no doubt about that." Doris gazed around her, impressed by the taste and luxury everywhere displayed. "You always said you wanted a house like this. Remember? Well, you've got your wish all right. I guess you're happy now."

"Oh, I'm happy," declared Cherry.

Did she mean that? Doris couldn't be sure. There was undoubtedly a lack of enthusiasm in Cherry's words. But then, that might be the way she'd grown to talk; languidly, as if life was rather a boring affair, and far too full of responsibilities.

Tea was served by a wooden butler, and had the effect of thawing the atmosphere a little. Old times were discussed. Ghosts from out of their past were resurrected, commented upon, and dismissed with a laugh. But on Cherry's side the laugh seemed always a trifle forced. She gave the impression that her mind was far away, devoted to secret thoughts of her own. Doris, quick to detect this strangeness in her friend's manner, felt resentful. Yet she couldn't be certain that it was Cherry's fault.

"What," she asked presently, her usual frankness returning to her, "made you ask me to tea, Cherry?"

Cherry's eyes rested upon the other for some time in silence.

"I felt," she said at last, "that I had to have you with me to-day. Nobody else would do, Doris. You see——" But she turned and looked out of the window, unable to go on.

"Now, Cherry, what is it?"

Doris moved closer to her friend and took her hand.

"It's nothing," said Cherry.

"Oh, yes, it is! Now just you tell me all about it. That's what I'm here for, dear. It's why you sent for me, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," admitted Cherry. "I know only you'd understand. It may be nothing I'm worrying about after all. You see, I don't really know. Not yet."

"Well, are you likely to know before I leave?" asked Doris. "I've got a dinner to cook when I get home."

Cherry fixed her gaze, fearfully, upon the telephone that stood within reach of her hand.

"I'll know," she said, "when that rings. And it may ring any minute now."

"Of all the mysterious people . . ." said Doris.

WAITING, side by side on the sofa, the two girls regained something of the affection for each other that had never been very far away. It was as if they had not been parted. Within a few minutes the intervening years were blotted out. It might with truth have been said that the "Sticker Girls" were joined together again.

"How's Bob?" asked Cherry.

"Bob's all right. So is my little girl. I called her Cherry."

"I called mine Doris."

The solid gold clock on the mantelpiece ticked away the minutes. Seeing how worried Cherry looked, Doris said:

"Why not tell me what's on your mind? You'll feel all the better if you do. Old Moneybags is at the bottom of your trouble, I'll be bound. Now you don't have to be afraid of telling me anything. I know something about husbands."

"I love my husband," said Cherry.

"But does he love you?"

"He's always been in love with me. I think we've made each other very happy."

"You've been very lucky, then," said Doris. "I have been, too. But what's your worry?"

"I may never see Arthur again; not for a long while, anyway. He may have to go away."

"Would you *mind* explaining, Cherry?"

"Do you remember, Doris, I once said your Bob would be opening the doors for my husband? Well, where Arthur may have to go now, Bob'll be closing the doors instead—and locking them."

Doris couldn't suppress a gasp.

"He's not *done* anything?"

"I don't know exactly. What goes on in the City is beyond me. It's called High Finance, and it's very complicated. But it may mean, Doris, that when that 'phone rings I'll be penniless, and Arthur'll be——"

With a ring surely louder than usual, the telephone bell cut Cherry short. Frozenly, she looked at the instrument, unable to touch it.

"Shall I . . .?" said Doris, taking up the receiver.

"Please . . ."

. . . . . .

As the wooden butler came to clear away the tea, he was arrested by the sight of his mistress sobbing her heart out in the arms of the young woman who'd called on her. Discreetly, he closed the door. He could do nothing in the face of sorrow. And he was not too wooden to know real sorrow when he saw it.

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Dover Street Studios

Though certain designers are stressing severely tailored lines for evening, the graceful silhouette of last season still prevails, in a modified form. Draped effects are more subtle and therefore easier to wear; trains are shorter, and hemlines tend to rise in front. There is much fine pleating and coloured embroidery, the latter inspired by the recent Chinese Exhibition. All the latest whims of Fashion, however, are cleverly introduced in a striking collection of model gowns from the salons at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. Pictured above is a study in black lace richly embroidered in white "soutache." The short train springs from a fan-shaped frill, while the net cape is worked like the dress, and dips behind. There is a pronounced vogue for décolleté frocks accompanied by capes or coatees. In the case of a plain black frock, for example, a splash of colour is introduced by a short swing coat in flowered silk

Knitted Tweeds for Country Wear

A becoming suit for long days in the country is what every woman needs at this time of year. The one pictured below is expressed in a knitted fabric which suggests a rough tweed. It is available in several colour schemes, including green and blue, and only costs 79s. 6d. at Gorringe's. The coat has a youthful round neck and cravat, wide revers and a massive leather belt, while the skirt has knife pleats in front. This firm also specialises in blouses for all occasions. There are tailored silk shirts in striped silk for 35s. 9d., which are worn tucked in at the waist, and taffeta blouses suitable for bridge, with puffed sleeves and a lacquered design

Lenare

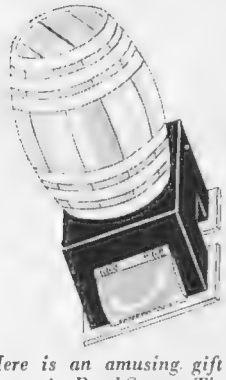
Unusually effective designs are achieved by knitted fabrics this season, so much so, in fact, that it is almost impossible to distinguish between a real tweed and a knitted one. A proof of this lies in the frock pictured above, which is carried out in red and beige knitted tweed with a pin stripe check. The skirt is slim and straight with two hip pockets set diagonally, and a grooved leather belt which matches the buttons. Short puff sleeves and a turn-back collar complete the scheme, while the price is 5½ guineas at Gorringe's in the Buckingham Palace Road

NOVELTIES

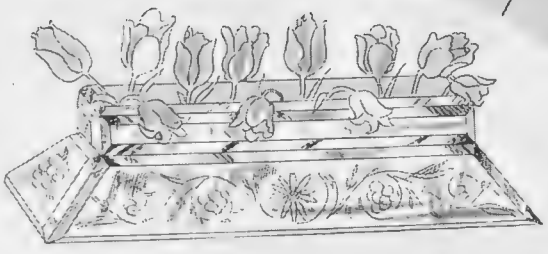
THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of

pictured by pam

discovered by peta



Here is an amusing gift from Asprey's, Bond Street. The ivory barrel is designed to hold used razor blades, which are dropped in through a slot, like pennies into a money-box, while the figured ebony stand supports the razor



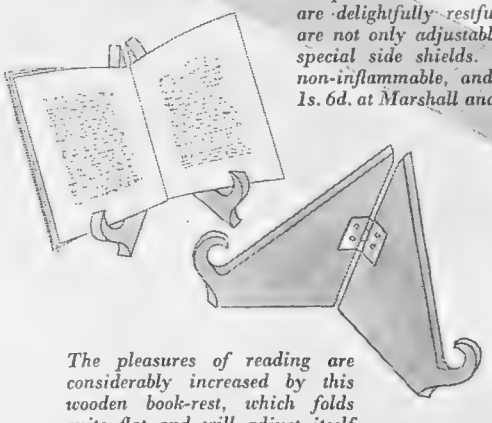
Beautiful table centres in mirror glass with a frosted etched design are among the many lovely gifts to be seen at Asprey's. This one is shaped like a water trough with flowers down the centre. Needless to say, there are many other designs to choose from

This Mary Stuart bonnet would make a charming headdress for bridesmaids. It is made of crinoline net trimmed with violets, and comes from Harrods, Knightsbridge. The price is 35s. 9d., and it can be made in other colours

When unruly curls refuse to be controlled, use this patent comb from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and place the hair between the tongs at the other end. Then just twist, and gently withdraw the curler, leaving an immaculate ringlet. It costs 1s. 6d.

Glare and dust are some of the dangers which beset delicate eyes during the summer, unless they are protected. These sun-glasses are delightfully restful, as they are not only adjustable but have special side shields. They are non-inflammable, and only cost 1s. 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove

A new way of wearing flowers is to have them attached to a band of black ciré ribbon which ties round the neck, like a necklace. Harrods have them in coloured cellophane, though different flowers could be substituted



The pleasures of reading are considerably increased by this wooden book-rest, which folds quite flat and will adjust itself to any angle. It is sold by Harrods and costs 2s.

The Club-house Window

In the circle below are Mrs. A. S. Bright and Mrs. F. Crooks, of Nottingham, who secured a walk-over in the first round at Seacroft

Mrs. H. E. Sparrow (Seacroft) and Miss L. Baker (Leicester) are pleased, despite the weather; they beat Miss Shutt and Miss Jones (Pleasington)

Miss C. Rowland (Hallamshire) and Miss Barbara Lees (Huddersfield) were sheltering with the Seacroft pair, Miss J. Swallow and Mrs. William Ball, who reached the semi-final

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes

All-Weather Players at Seacroft

Mrs. Nicolls (Littlehampton), Mrs. T. A. Torrance (Sunningdale), Mrs. Ernest Swinscoe (Dore and Totley) and Mrs. C. Rhodes (Harrogate) lined up with their umbrellas for the camera

Mrs. P. W. Tait and Mrs. J. M. Manson, of Belton Park, beat Mrs. Hardicker and Mrs. Hartley (Wilmslow) in the first round to lose to Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell in the third

A GREAT FINISH

...AT WHITE CITY

NECK AND NECK AT THE POST .... by Lionel Edwards

Greyhounds flashing over the line . . . the trained eye of the judge picks out the placings with micrometer-like precision . . . numbers appear instantly on the result board . . . a green light flashes O.K. There is no thirty second thrill in the world to equal a greyhound race, and here Mr. Lionel Edwards illustrates a typical finish at White City.

Men Who Make Stars

Close-ups of Some Hollywood Directors

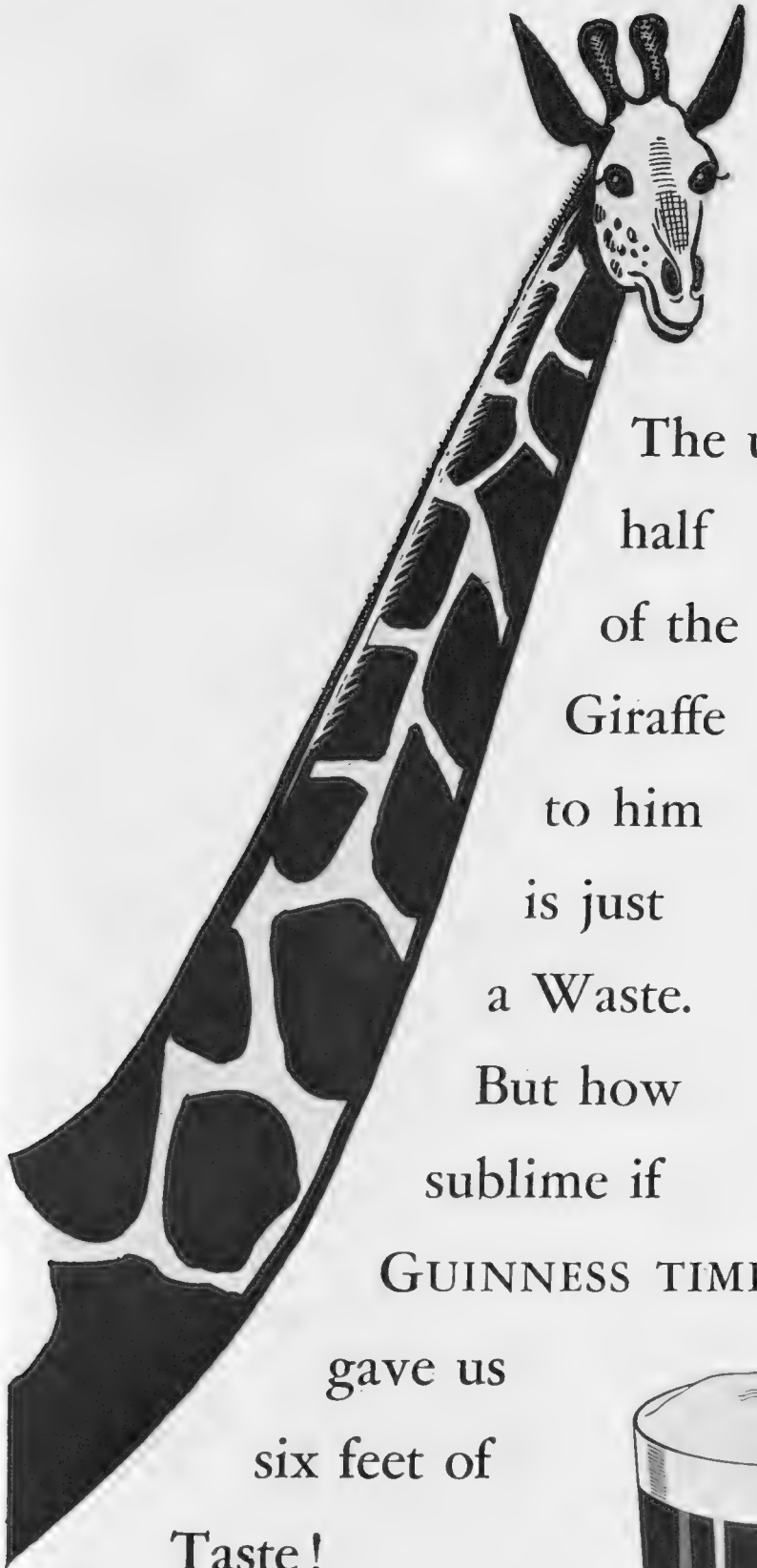
(1) Ernst Lubitsch and Mervyn Le Roy

Ernst Lubitsch—and Cigar

Lubitsch, "perhaps the most brilliant director in the world," is in charge of all Paramount's policy and production, and can now make and break directors as well as stars. He went to Hollywood from Germany, already famous for stage work; was once an actor and can show a player exactly what he wants him to do. He made Chevalier a film star among others, and Jeanette MacDonald by picking her for "The Love Parade." Taught Hollywood that film comedy could be subtle as well as broad; generally has a lock of hair strayed on his forehead and always a cigar in his mouth; is a fine pianist, and likes to settle arguments by playing a quiet piece till the storm blows over

Mervyn Le Roy

Le Roy looks as young as a college boy, but is a top-flighter in achievement and pay among Hollywood directors. Proved he could handle quick-fire musical films in a new way when he made "42nd Street"; that film made him, Warner Baxter and Busby Berkeley, whose chain of elaborate dance numbers hasn't stopped yet. Dick Powell owes him a lot, and so does Ginger Rogers, whom he gave a big chance to in "Gold Diggers of Broadway." Was reported engaged to her once; then she married Lew Ayres, and he married Doris Warner, daughter of Jack Warner, one of his firm's bosses. "I am a Fugitive," was another reputation-making film of his; now he has just directed "Anthony Adverse," with Fredric March as hero of the gigantic story. A fortnight ago he arrived in England for a brief holiday



The upper
half
of the
Giraffe
to him
is just
a Waste.
But how
sublime if
GUINNESS TIME
gave us
six feet of
Taste!

G.E.561.A.

Captain E. I. M. Barrett (Old Cheltonians) and A. H. Gilligan (Old Alleynians) were both second round losers

Godfrey Smith and James Booth (Old Stoics) lost to T. A. Torrance and R. A. McKinna (Watsonians)

R. Owen Phillips and K. Ryle (Old Cheltonians). Their side lost to Old Rossallians in the second round

J. K. Mathews, J. D. Lowen (Old who lost to Old

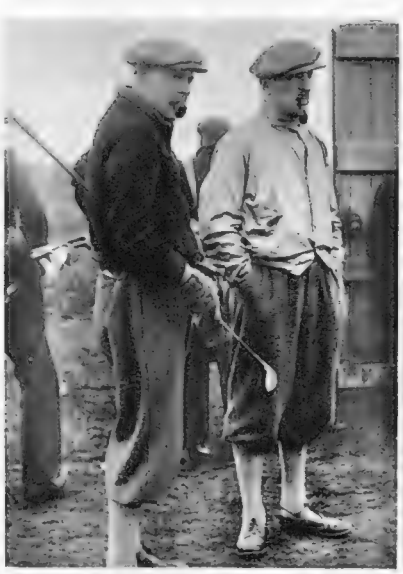
M. Creswick and A. R. I. Mellor (Old Westminsters) lost to E. Martin Smith and K. N. Fisher (Old Etonians)

E. McRuvie and J. Brock (Watsonians) lost to G. G. O. Carter and P. B. Lucas (Old Stoics). The Watsonians won the match by 3 to 2

The Halford-Hewitt Cup

Old Boys Gather at Deal

OLD CARTHUSIANS beat Old Rugbeians by three matches to one in the final of the Halford-Hewitt Cup at Deal, a win which gives them the coveted trophy for the third year in succession. Well over four hundred Old Boys were at Deal for the week-end, and this page shows a few of them



P. L. Smith and A. W. Hawes (Old Millhillians)

G. W. Cattermole, E. J. Bailey (Old Citizens), E. J. Burgess, and D. G. Wright (Old Whitgiftians)

Dr. R. I. Hyder (Old Citizens) and W. L. F. Hughes (Old Whitgiftians)

O. Lintott, and Felstedians, Haileyburians)

Two Old Cheltonians, R. M. Norris and Major W. H. H. Aitken, one of the top pair

Dr. H. Gardiner-Hill (Old Westminsters) and the Hon. T. W. Coke (Old Etonians). O.E's beat O.W's by 4 games to 1

J. A. B. Davidson and Douglas Lunan (Old Millhillians) lost to J. B. Beck and R. L. Burdon Sanderson (Old Carthusians)

G. Illingworth and F. E. Blackston (Old Malvernians) beat R. A. Howell and L. E. Frazer (Old Eastbournians)

E. Peartree and J. Rogers (Chigwellians) beat Amos and Oldershaw (Old Cholmeleians)

R. C. Petherbridge (Old Hurst Johnians) and J. K. Peppercorn (Beaumont Union)

E. D. Spencer (Old Rossallians) and J. B. Murray - Stableford (Old Brightonians)

W. Murray, Marshall Thomson, and Dr. A. R. McCallum (Watsonians)

D. Fitzgerald (Beaumont Union), R. Esdaile (Old Hurst Johnians), G. Girkins (Beaumont Union), and R. Lintott (Old Hurst Johnians)

D. G. Piggott, A. Thorne, and H. Dottridge (Old Hurst Johnians)

Miss Cradock-Hartopp (Cavendish) approaching the Third Green in the Final

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes

[14th Year]

Successful Meeting at Seacroft: Victory of Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

MISS BRIDGET NEWELL and Miss Hartopp, believing firmly in "third time lucky," have progressed from semi-finalists, runners-up, to winners of the Northern Foursomes in three successive years. How many other open foursomes they have won, including BYSTANDER Scottish, I am tired of telling you. They were the right pair to win at Seacroft: it was good to see how Miss Newell has improved her short game, and Miss Hartopp remains the perfect partner. Mrs. Bloomer and Miss Watson fought grandly against them in as good a final as you could wish for, and the last day's weather was blessed with sun to temper the north-east wind.

SEASIDE golf has, amongst others, this advantage over inland: you find yourself playing a different course almost every day because of the sudden changes of wind. The holes that were easy the first day had become hard the second and third, and the dream that at last we were to have warm Northern Foursomes was rudely shattered. From south-west, the wind veered to south-east, and then to north. Snow began to seem a horrible possibility. However, it kept off, and for weather, as for excitement, the 1936 edition must take higher marks than many predecessors.

If anybody, about twelve o'clock on the third day, had asked me to name the finalists, I could no more have done so than forecast the 1937 Derby.

THE first match off on the morning of the second day was the back-markers, Mrs. Rhodes and Mrs. Swinscoe, giving a whole pack of strokes (eleven to be exact) to Mrs. Macfarlane and Mrs. Shaw. South American travel may get in the way of golf, and the receivers of strokes were soon rather heavily down, but a grand 2 at the 14th staved off defeat for a while.

Miss Watson and Mrs. Bloomer were coming along behind, two down to Lady

(Continued on page 128)

Winners and Trophies

Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp, the Cavendish pair, with the "Bystander" trophies and replicas. Semi-finalists in 1934, they were runners-up last year

Two of the Semi-finalists, the Winners and the Runners-up

Miss Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp are in the middle with the "Bystander" trophies. On the left are Miss Swallow and Miss Ball (Seacroft), who were beaten in the semi-final; on the right are Mrs. Bloomer (Grimsby) and Miss Watson (Lincoln), the runners-up

Sunshine discovers the subtle plaid of this wool Tweed Coat—picking out its graceful dropped shoulder line, casual cut and jaunty 'stand-up' collar. Brown/beige, green/brown, yellow/brown, blue/grey. 8½ gns.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes *(Continued from page 126)*

Fell and Miss Clark, but they squared the match in the nick of time, and Miss Watson's good pitch and one putt took them home on the 19th. That was where Mrs. King and Mrs. Bascomb, receiving two strokes, got home from Miss Martin and Mrs. Ian Taylor, and where Mrs. Tait and Mrs. Manson, receiving 6, defeated Mrs. Hartley and Mrs. Hardicker, a very stout effort, which they followed up in the afternoon by taking Miss Newell and Miss Hartopp as far as the 17th, Mrs. Tait showing emphatically that it is not only Curtis Cup golfers who can hit the ball a long way.

Nor is it always big hitting that means scoring, for Mrs. Sparrow and Mrs. Lytton Baker were out in 38, with an incredibly small number of putts, and Mrs. Noakes and Miss Bonner Davis in 39, and none of these count length their greatest asset.

THE management always sheds a silent tear when Mrs. Bason is beaten: she has played in all these fourteen Northern Foursomes, and still the cups await her name. This year it was Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Cooper who outstayed Mrs. Bason's side, to the extent of 4 and 2. They went on in the afternoon to have a 5 and 3 win from Mrs. Sparrow and Mrs. Baker, and people began to wonder if it would be Mrs. Clement's course again, as it had been in the English Championship of 1934.

It was a bad afternoon for Southerners, though they were rightly indignant if anybody suggested that they could not stand up to the cold conditions like the hardy Northerners. But those conditions—rain all the time on her glasses—did make golf much harder for Mrs. Nicholls, so that she and Mrs. Torrance were beaten 4 and 3 by the back-markers, and Miss Dix-Perkin and Mrs. Rink never found their feet against Miss Watson and Mrs. Bloomer.

Miss Barbara Lees and Miss Rowland, though, can claim to be real Northerners, and they could not win, local knowledge and some very steady golf from Miss Swallow and Mrs. Ball defeating them on the last green. More of the same ingredients took Miss Curnow and Miss Hardstaff home from Mrs. Bright and Mrs. Crooks, who had played brilliantly in the morning, but it did not avail Seacroft's captain, Miss Diana Taylor, and her mother, against Miss Hotchkiss and Miss Black.

(*Continued on page* iv)

Semi-Finalists

Miss V. Hotchkiss (Ludlow) and Miss M. Black (Hawkstone Park) reached the semi-final at Seacroft to be beaten by the winners — Miss Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp

Captain W. J. Alexander handed the trophies to Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp

Miss J. Swallow (Seacroft) approaching the 14th green

THERE is a wealth—a wealth of style, of exclusive materials, of fine display, of distinction and of courtesy at Marshall & Snelgrove's. . . . At this House of traditional Court Dressmaking, Bridal gowns and Bridesmaids' dresses may be decided upon with the greatest certainty of perfection. . . . Call and see this fine collection of models for copying, or write for the new brochure of Bridal gowns. . . .

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
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OXFORD STREET
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From Marshall's Model Gown Salon comes this novelty taffeta Gown, with net insertions which form a tiny shoulder cape and coatee effect. Priced at nine and a half guineas it can be copied in any colour taffeta.

Reunion at Deal: By J. S. F. Morrison

The Halford-Hewitt Cup Again

FORTY-FIVE schools represented by more than 450 players entered for the Halford-Hewitt Cup tournament which was this year, as usual, played over the links of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club. This large number of golfers is too big to be dealt with satisfactorily in three and a-half days of play. On the Friday four pairs in the match between the Old Leysians and the Edinburgh Academicals could not finish in daylight, and on the Saturday the last match between the Old Carthusians and Uppingham nearly met the same fate; as it was, the players had to search for their balls, after nearly every shot, at the last three holes played, and on one occasion without success. If it had been necessary to play the full round or beyond, play would have had to be stopped again, owing to darkness. Charterhouse had a very extraordinary experience on the Saturday; the team had, to use an Irishism, to play their morning round in the afternoon. Two rounds of golf in the afternoon is not much fun, especially when serious play is concerned.

IT has been suggested that next year the date of this tournament be changed so that play takes place when summer-time is in force, and the first week-end in May has been mentioned as the date. I doubt very much if this date will find favour as, if present arrangements are continued, it will clash with the English Championship and the Spring Medal at St. Andrews, also undergraduates and schoolmasters will not be able to assist their previous seats of learning. If some of the matches in the first round were played on a course other than Deal, all these difficulties would be overcome, and additional entries could be dealt with without disorganising the usual routine, and the final could be played on the Sunday afternoon, as it used to be, instead of this great tournament fizzling out in a dull final on the Monday morning, in which no interest is taken except by those personally concerned. The motion that the final should be played, once more, on the Sunday afternoon and that two courses be used was lost by a very small minority, and perhaps those who voted against the motion will change their opinions now that it has been proved that this tournament cannot be completed in comfort in three and a-half days. If Loretto had not scratched, even more inconvenience would have been caused, and it might have been necessary for Edinburgh Academicals to play three rounds in one day. The final saw two very good and very experienced teams opposed to each other. Both Charterhouse and Rugby had, of necessity, to leave out players whom many other schools would be delighted to have in their teams. Your young, hard-hitting golfer, who delights to play high mashie-niblick shots, is of little use at Deal in calm weather and quite useless in windy weather, which was and is always likely to be experienced at Deal. At Deal you want on your side experienced players, who bat the ball along the ground and who use wooden putters or straight-faced clubs in preference to niblicks and mashie-niblicks, and by so doing not only obtain better results, but also allow their supporters to keep their hearts in their proper places and not in their mouths. John Beck, the husband of an international lady golfer, and a Walker Cup player himself, captained the Old Carthusian team and was, as captains should be, in no small measure responsible for the success of his side. Against Eton he had to hole from about three yards on the eighteenth green to save his side from defeat, and then holed a similar putt to win the nineteenth hole in three. Beck was not quite at his best in the earlier rounds. His partner, who usually and very sensibly winters in a sunny clime, found difficulty in playing in the icy cold conditions which were experienced. In these circumstances Beck, very wisely, played third in the fourth round and semi-final instead of top, but returned to a captain's proper position in the final, when he had had sufficient play to produce his usual immaculate golf. Of the finalists Charterhouse got through by the skin of its teeth against Eton by winning the deciding match to which I have referred, on the nineteenth green.

J. B. Beck, captain of the victorious Carthusian team, received the cup from Halford-Hewitt at Deal. Beck, playing with Burdon Sanderson, beat the Rugbeians Cave and Watson by 4 and 3 in the final

RUGBY had a narrow squeak against Tonbridge when it won the deciding match on the eighteenth green and had also defeated on its way to the final the very strong Wykehamist side. Ever since the deciding match, when one of its pairs took four putts on the nineteenth green, Winchester seems to have been dogged by misfortune in this tournament. Winchester always has a very fine side, but it appears for some unknown reason incapable of winning a match. Until Longhurst holed from nearly two feet on the seventeenth green, the result of the final was in the balance. Rugby lost the first match, Captain Cave being beaten by his opposite number by four and three, but won the second. The other matches were ding-dong affairs in which, after numerous anxious moments the Carthusian pairs managed all to get leads of two holes only for the third and fourth pairs to lose their advantages, and both these matches stood all square on the seventeenth tee, but Charterhouse won the seventeenth hole in both cases.

When the pair, C. Middleton and Pat White, the latter one of first four amateur golfers in this country, known by their aged shipmates as "the boys," halved the last hole for victory, the Carthusian prospects looked bright, as it was known that their last pair was three up with five to play, but if it had been known that it had lost two holes and was only one up and two to play, the donor and other Carthusian supporters would not have felt quite so confident. The weather was miserable, very cold on the Friday and very windy and cold on the Saturday and Sunday. The members of the teams which reached the final had some compensation for missing a day's work, as the Monday was a perfect golfing day, reasonably warm with sufficient wind to make play interesting and testing. Rugby, man for man, possessed the better golfers, but Charterhouse benefited from the experience of their players, all of whom had previously been victorious in the final of this, the greatest tournament and the greatest fun in the golfing year.

To win this tournament you need a team, not a collection of good golfers; a well-balanced team, in which the worst pair is nearly as good as the best, and a certain amount of luck.

Charterhouse and Rugby in the Final

F. G. C. Weare and E. M. Prain contributed to Charterhouse's third successive victory in the Halford-Hewitt Cup by halving their match with G. Simpson and J. F. Mellor

Darsie Watson and A. D. Cave (Rugbeians) were beaten by the captain of the winning team, Beck, and Sanderson, in the final which Charterhouse won by three matches to one

This England . . .

WHAT QUEER short words we English use for those things that are the warp and weft of our lives. "Hills" and the "sea," the shippon where the oxen stand, malt, and the oast house where the hops are dried. Beer, too, is an abrupt word for the beverage that has sustained the breed throughout its climb to greatness. And as in all English customs there is strong tradition in the brewing of good beer. Perhaps the most typical is Worthington, of bearded barley and sweet-scented hop, brought with slow care to natural maturity.

Flying-Boats for Empire Routes

By Charles Ward

Building 150,000 Horse-power

At the works of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, 8000 men are engaged every day on the construction of engines for the R.A.F. and for Imperial Airways. The latter company alone wants 150,000 horse-power by the middle of next year, this being accounted for by nearly 160 "Pegasus" engines for the Empire flying-boats. The "Pegasus" is the logical successor to a long series of Bristol engines that have been developed since the possibilities of the radial type were first taken seriously over here. That "Bristol Built" is just as synonymous with reliability and the capacity to withstand hard work in an aero-engine as it was in the case of the Bristol sailing ships has been proved by the Service and civil operators alike. Until the sleeve-valve radial has overcome its teething troubles, the "Pegasus" will more than hold its own against any new type in its class. They build aircraft at Filton as well as engines, the most outstanding modern example being the "Rothermere" bomber adopted by the Air Ministry. There are still one or two Bristol Fighters in use after nineteen years' service, though perhaps not in the air all the time. I was asked where a "Brisfit" could be bought the other day, so if anyone has a spare, please send full particulars of age and airworthiness.

Oiling the Works

Nobody is more concerned with the selection and use of efficient lubricants than the owner and pilot of a modern aeroplane. Under no conditions of operation are more exacting demands made of an oiling medium and in no other circumstances than flying does so much depend upon engine reliability. Highly efficient engines are a commonplace in aircraft, but their precision and running speed are such that special lubrication is necessary to attain complete reliability. The discovery of an oxygen "inhibitor" to discourage the formation of mud or sludge, has been combined with that of a compound to resist corrosion in Patent Castrol. This oil, with a soluble metallic mixture as part of the actual lubricant, has had an outstanding success since it was first introduced. Its first "flight," as far as I remember, was in the engine used by Cobham and Helmore during their refuelling tests, and one of the latest was in the "Gipsy" of "Tommy" Rose's record-breaking "Falcon." Record flights and endurance tests are the trials to which such products of the laboratory are subjected before being put on sale at the aerodromes and, in this case, many famous pilots have proved that the latest "Castrol" is a winner.

The B.I.F. shows the flag by air. Mr. K. G. Seth-Smith, demonstration pilot for Monospars, with his passenger on the right, Mr. H. O. Missenden, manager of the B.I.F. Birmingham, who is touring England to book space at the Fair for 1937

The Drone and the Zeppelin

Two flights that were made just before Easter, both records in their own way, have attracted the widest attention. The first was Lord Sempill's journey to Berlin and back, non-stop each way, using a "Drone" single-seater, and the second, the maiden voyage to South America of the "Hindenburg." It is a coincidence that Lord Sempill is a champion of airship transport and a close friend of Dr. Eckener. His ultra-light 'plane—we have no expression for anything that is lighter than a Moth or light 'plane—is really the development of a glider, and was first produced by the late Lowe-Wylde at West Malling. The present machine is being built in series at Hanworth, with Robert Kronfeld as chief engineer and test pilot—he is the well-known Austrian gliding expert—also Lord Sempill and Mr. E. C. Gordon England on the board. The engine is a "Douglas," built at Bristol by Aero Engines, Ltd., and it develops between 20 and 30 horse-power. The flight to Berlin took 11 hours, and the return trip 9 hours, the cost of petrol and oil being less than 30 shillings for the double journey. Of the "Hindenburg's" maiden voyage, all is praise, both from the crew and the passengers, 50 of the former and 35 of the latter making the trip from Lake Constance to Rio de Janeiro in 100 hours. The airship weathered successfully a considerable storm, and but for lack of the permit to fly over France, would have made much better time. With public opinion and a large body of technical experts in all countries condemning the airship as a commercial vehicle, Dr. Eckener and the Zeppelin engineers have nevertheless persevered and it seems that they know their job. Until the big flying-boats are ready for competition and the fast mail-carriers launched artificially into the air, the Zepp should attract full loads for the Atlantic crossing.

"Flight"

A new R.A.F. 'plane for co-operation with the Army. The Hawker "Hector" has the 800-horse-power Napier "Dagger" engine, which is air-cooled. The vertical chute for the cooling draught can be seen behind the air-screw boss

At the Clubs

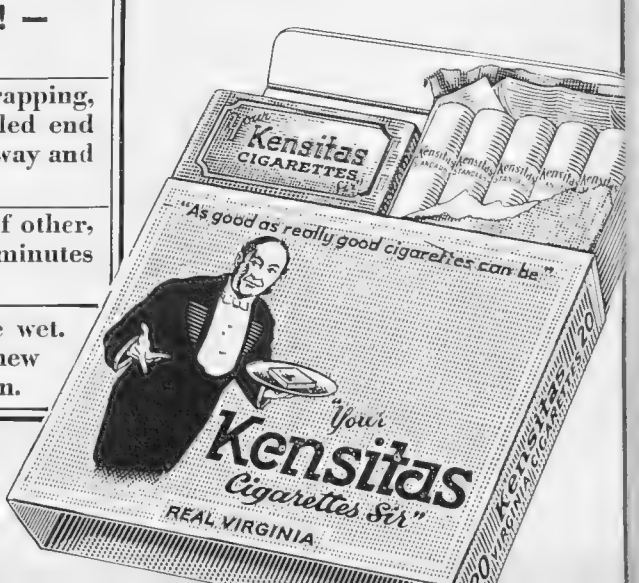
There are so many flying clubs—forty more or less—that it is difficult to imagine anyone wanting to fly who doesn't do so, but, by the same token, it is equally difficult to keep pace with their progress editorially. Club managers and secretaries are in the habit of considering their territories like a parish, whereas their aerodromes, their aircraft, the quality of the club beer, and "have you heard this one," are, if I may say so, of interest to a far wider circle. The imminence of our Annual Flying Number—the ninth, to be exact—brings me news of many who have remained silent for a year. If their news and notes are not used in full for the issue of the 29th instant, it is because space does not permit, with so many to mention. Club snapshots, as distinct from studio portraits, or groups posed like still life, are always useful, and, whilst I think of it, please write who's who on the reverse side.

OO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE.
O KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS* ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

Miss Arnaud made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test:

1.	**HERE IT IS — YOU TRY HER DRASTIC TEST! —** Miss Arnaud put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.
2.	She placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. She did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.
3.	After five minutes, she lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.



**Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough*

Why Not A Six-Seater?

By The Earl of Cardigan

I HAVE just been driving a six-seater car. That may seem, at first sight, a very commonplace remark; yet it is not every day that an English motorist drives a car which can fairly be described as a six-seater. This, indeed, was not an English car; it was American, if not by manufacture, at least in its design.

In this country, for some reason, we build our cars mostly to seat four or five. When this is not sufficient, we turn out a long-wheelbase model, put in two additional chairs, and make a seven-seater of it. This arrangement is quite good for short distances—although, on a long run, the two "occasional" seats are apt to reveal serious shortcomings in the matter of comfort.

The Riley "Adelphi" is a popular model of a popular make; it is a dual purpose car of good performance fitted with preselecta-gear; there is a choice of cylinder capacity

FOR all-round purposes, it seems to me that there is a very strong case to be made out for the less conventional six-seater. Such a car carries its passengers, three abreast on the front and back seats, with an equal degree of luxury—or otherwise—for all concerned. If all six are of reasonably slim build, each can enjoy really comfortable seating. If some are inclined to inconvenient stoutness—well, it is probably better to be slightly squashed than to be perched on a small, inconvenient folding seat, commonly with insufficient leg-room.

Besides, if a car has width enough to be described fairly as a five- or seven-seater (which implies that three people sit together at the back), why should not this same width be used to make it a six- or, if you like, even an eight-seater? Is there any special reason why two persons only should be seated in the front?

Economically, the additional seating alongside the driver has everything in its favour. The cost of turning a five-seater into a seven-seater—if it involves a longer chassis frame—must be in the region of £100. The cost of turning a five-seater into a six-seater, on the other hand, is nil. It is probably cheaper to construct a single, wide front seat than to supply two front seats of the individual type. To obtain extra seating space at no extra cost is surely an attractive notion!

The most obvious objection is that many cars have central gear- and brake-levers, which would be obstructed by the legs of an additional front-seat passenger. It is also true that some cars have a raised central housing over the gearbox or propellor shafting, so that the additional passenger would find no place for his feet.

THERE are, moreover, many cars which fit the gear- and brake-levers on the right-hand side. Many others have gears which are controlled from a lever on the steering-column, and hand-brakes which operate from some inconspicuous position, such as just below the facia-board. The raised housing for the transmission is far from universal. In a word, there are many cars which would offer no impediment whatever to the presence of an extra person in the front compartment.

Do we find that cars of this latter type are fitted with a full-width front seat? In the vast majority of cases we do not. It is not on mechanical grounds, therefore, that the six-seater is neglected.

Are we to suppose, then, that some danger would arise through the driver being overcrowded? This seems a possibility; but experience shows that there is no real difficulty for a driver of ordinary competence. I have an old car with a three-seater body. Sometimes two, sometimes three people sit on the front seat. I find that the difference, as regards the ease with which I can control it, is quite trivial.

Incidentally, the most comfortable car—from the driver's point of view—which I have ever handled, was one fitted with a full-width front seat. In this case, there was a central arm-rest. When driving with less than a full load, the arm-rest could be lowered, in which event there was real arm-chair luxury for the man at the wheel. This is a point which any owner-driver should appreciate.

IN the matter of appearance, it may be arguable whether increased width in the centre of the car would be pleasing or otherwise. I would suggest, however, that, while it is the fashion to build cars to a supposedly "streamline" form, it would be childish to accept the idea of width at the extreme rear, and to boggle at width near the centre. If we are to regard this so-called "streamlining" as anything more than a passing whim, we ought—on the contrary—to rejoice at increased width anywhere near the forward part of the car, and to lament any width beyond the absolute minimum behind.

Indeed, if we were at all logical, we should now be building our five-seater cars to seat three in front and two only at the back. This arrangement would have a basis of sound commonsense, and would justify some reluctance to add extra width for the sake of a sixth passenger.

AS it is, I must confess that the situation baffles me. The single, full-width front seat, which used to be fairly common in this country, has gone quite out of fashion. This has happened at a time, not when we are using smaller cars, or cars more cluttered up with levers and such-like obstructions, but when there is actually more free space available in the average saloon car than ever previously.

We may reasonably hope, however, that the six-seater is suffering no more than a temporary eclipse. It is too practical a type to be ignored indefinitely. My feeling is that one of our big manufacturers is bound, sooner or later, to re-introduce it.

A useful little car is the newest Morris "Eight." This model is the sliding head saloon, and it sells at £130 odd

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"Tournament" 70/-

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Ia

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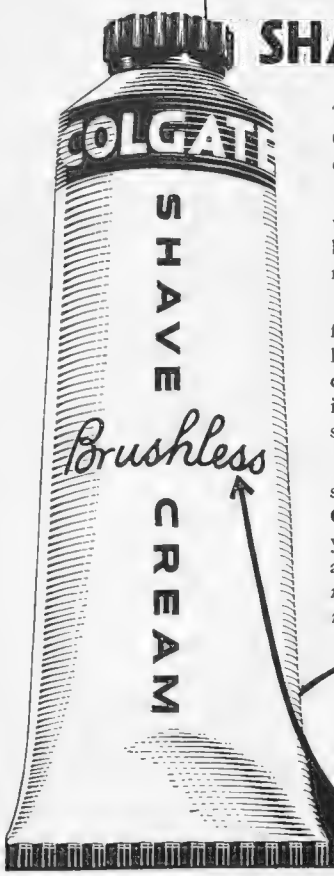

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Quicker, because it saves the time usually taken by the operation of a brush. Quicker again because "once-round" is nearly always enough.

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Of all chemists 1/6, 3/- and 5/6 a bottle. Made in England

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes *(Continued from page 128)*

THURSDAY morning dawned really cold, wind in the north, and an angry grey and white sea. It might have been the day of days for the giver of odds, but the wind made putting difficult, and that was where the back-marking Yorkshire pair lost a very desperate encounter with Miss Watson and Mrs. Bloomer. The latter pair were never down, but they were squared half-a-dozen times, including at the 14th, where Mrs. Swinscoe played the shot of the week, and at the 16th.

Mrs. Swinscoe's holed chip, over a thorn-tree at the closest possible range, was worth a journey to Seacroft to see: it might have shattered anybody, but Miss Watson's putting and Mrs. Bloomer's all-round excellence were splinter-proof, and with the help of a stymie at the 17th, and a final grand putt from Miss Watson at the 18th, they were into the prize list.

At that chilly moment there seemed nothing lacking except boullion, good and hot, to put into the cups.

Miss Swallow and Mrs. Ball, playing level, lost most of a big lead, but hung on to just enough of it to beat Miss Hardstaff and Miss Curnow 2 and 1; Miss Black and Miss Hotchkiss, after winning the first three holes, had to go all the way before they could win from Mrs. Noakes and Miss Bonner Davis on the last green, where they must have wished bitterly they could have swopped their unavailing long putt for the very short one they had missed on the 14th.

Miss Newell and Miss Hartopp v. Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Raymond Cooper was full of adventures, each side laying themselves a stymie, 3 up for the eventual winners at the 6th being changed to 1 down at the 13th. After that, Miss Newell came again like a lion, Miss Hartopp who, till then, had not been at her usual inspired best on the greens, holed a terrific one on the 17th to win it in 4, and they struggled on the last green.

As for the semi-finals, Miss Watson and Mrs. Bloomer were altogether too steady for Mrs. Ball and Miss Swallow, whose putts were unkindly disposed towards the hole, and 5 and 3 was the just reward; but the other match was as full of thrills as heart could wish. Imagine taking the first three holes at Seacroft in level fours and yet being one down, without giving a stroke! That was what Miss Newell and Miss Hartopp did, for Miss Black and Miss Hotchkiss had every intention of helping themselves without waiting for either strokes or mistakes from their opponents. Miss Hotchkiss's putting, indeed, was an education to watch.

After that, with Miss Hartopp doing even more than her full share, the match quickly turned, round until that side was 3 up at the 8th. More gallant holing from Miss Hotchkiss, and it was only one at the 12th. Then Miss Newell came right into the picture, and the side was 3 up, only to lose the 15th and 16th. But they won the 17th, and that was that. But only just.

NOR did things look any too happy for them at the start of the final, notwithstanding the glorious second that Miss Hartopp put so close to the first hole. It was all very well to win that; but Miss Watson followed up Mrs. Bloomer's grand iron to the second by sinking the putt for a birdie three, nearly had another at the third, refusing to be frightened by Miss Hartopp's long one down, and did hole another good one for a three to win the fourth. All this was good as could be, and for eight holes it was anybody's match. Then experience of first-class golf began to tell: Miss Hartopp hit a glorious second from a difficult lie at the ninth, and Miss Watson put hers into the bunker just in front of her, and by the end of the eleventh Miss Newell's side was two up. There they stuck, were even pulled back to one by their own misadventures and the other's good three at the fourteenth, but the opposition was beginning to swing a trifle faster than was wise, and the two pounced on the chance, won both the fifteenth and sixteenth, and so added Northern to their tally of cups. They are going to have a try together for the One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes at Mid-Surrey on the 21st of this month, and for the Autumn at, let us still hope, Ranelagh in October.

Meanwhile, both they and Mrs. Bloomer and Miss Watson have added not a little to their reputations, Mrs. Bloomer in particular having shown herself a very sound, equable golfer of great possibilities.

Captain Alexander gave away the cups and prizes, and it was good to feel that the National Playing Fields Association were the richer by £4 12s. 9d. for the competition by singles medal play, and the putting competition, held amongst competitors during the Foursomes. Pretty good, considering the weather. Nobody displaced Miss Bonner Davis from either scratch or handicap place; nor Mrs. Riddell from the putting.

I DON'T know when we have had greater interest taken in the Foursomes by the club where these were being held, nor more real keenness over the matches. Players may have been out of practice when they came, but the standard of play quickly settled down, inspired perhaps by Seacroft's really glorious holes where trouble, even if you escape it with one shot, must always be anticipated from the moment of each tee shot till you are in the hole. It is an education to play there, as well as a pleasure, and the word "gratitude" is used with real meaning to the club, who had got the links back into such grand order after all the trials and tribulations of two-years' drought. Bad shots were the outcome of original sin, and not of any conditions of course, and, honestly, considering what this winter has been and what the wind was some of the time, the really bad shots were remarkably few.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

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What's On *(Continued from page D)*

CONCERTS

Recitals

BUDAPEST QUARTET.—Works by Haydn, Mozart, Schubert Beethoven, Béla Bartók: Æolian Hall, Mon., April 20th, 8.30.

GUILA BUSTABO.—Queen's Hall, Tues., April 21st, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The cabaret attraction is Walter Crisham and Florence Chumbecos; Lew Stone plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Follies of 1936 include the Starlets, Florine McKinney, Naunton Wayne as compère, and two funny men; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Mangau's all-American cabaret, with comedy numbers, as the show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—Has a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes: no cabaret.

LONDON CASINO.—This new and original spot has the "Folie Parisienne" from New York to entertain and Jack Harris to dance to.

MAY FAIR.—The jardin fleuri cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

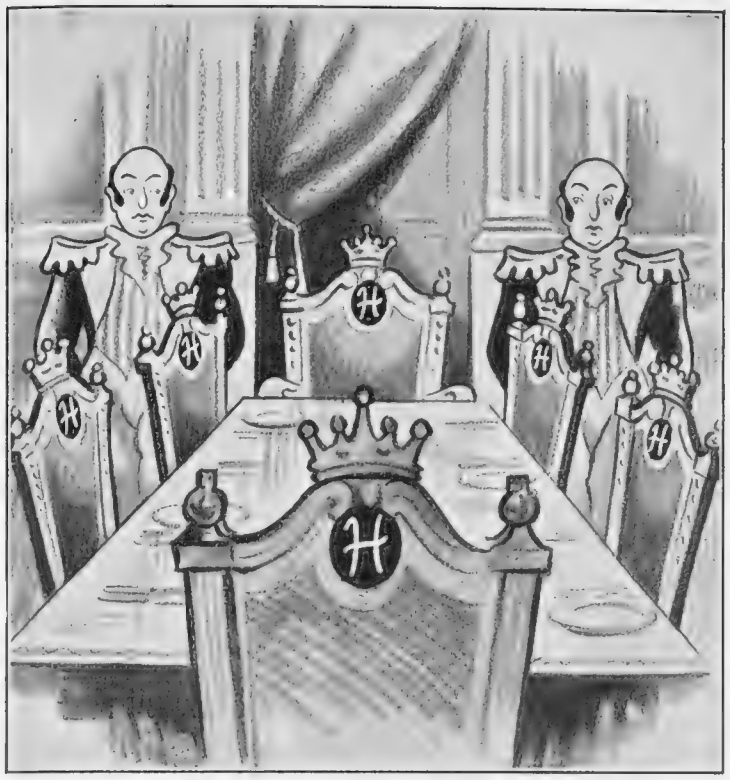
NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing: the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.



THE HOUSE OF HANGOVER

One of the penalties of modern life with its pleasures and activities is a condition commonly known as "The Blues,"—sometimes known as being at the end of one's tether.

Nine times out of ten "The Blues" have their root in under-nourishment of the nerve tissues. Ordinary diet is insufficient to make good the wear and tear that modern life inflicts upon the system.

What is one to do?

Shall one mope? — be psycho-analized? — flee to more congenial climes? — or trust to luck to get over it?

A thousand times no! The quickest and the pleasantest way of overcoming this unfortunate condition is a course of Dorchester Specific, the most effective tonic in existence for weakness and lack of energy.

Dorchester Specific acts directly upon the nerve tissues which are constantly dying, and by nourishing them adequately acts indirectly upon the nerves producing a feeling of energy, buoyancy and cheerfulness, and quickly building up robust health and fitness.

If you are feeling below par as so many people do in the early Spring, Dorchester Specific will soon put you on your feet, and keep you there—it is the most potent all-round tonic in existence.

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Sungleam velvet, lined satin.
Full length, **12½** guineas.
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The Care of the Eyes

EYES in a woman are the most expressive of all features, as they reflect not only her temperament and character, but the advancing years, and any signs of ill-health. When the white part round the iris turns yellow, it is usually a sign of internal trouble, and a doctor should be consulted, but if, on the other hand, it becomes red and bloodshot, it probably means that the eyes are suffering from overstrain, though, sometimes, a cold wind will bring about this condition. In either case, frequent bathing with a reliable eye lotion diluted in warm water is the very best thing. In the case of bloodshot eyes, there are drops containing adecraline which clear the whites completely for a time, but can only be regarded as an emergency remedy. Inflammation and puffiness round the eyes and above the lids is another sign of fatigue usually present in older women. A helpful remedy is to rest with pads of cotton-wool soaked in witch-hazel over the closed lids. Strong glaring lights should always be avoided, while dark glasses are soothing in sunlight.

Massage and Subtle Make-Up

WHEN crow's feet appear, it means that the skin round the eyes requires nourishing in the same way as the rest of the face, either with oil or a rich skin food. Treatment, however, must only consist of gentle massage, as the muscles are so delicate that anything violent would only stretch them, making matters infinitely worse. An excellent plan is to pat in warm muscle oil every evening, and leave it on all night. Its nourishing properties will help to replenish the tissues, and smooth out small lines and wrinkles. With regard to make-up, wonders can be achieved with the help of eye-shadow, mascara and a little vaseline. The latter is chiefly good for making the eyelashes grow, and is absolutely harmless. A little along the lids and eyebrows however, is one way of making the eyes sparkle at night. Eye-shadow is made in several different colours, including silver and gold, and should be chosen with the utmost care. A safe rule is to follow the colour of the eyes, and never use too much at a time. Just a hint along the upper lids will produce a misty expression which is very appealing. In the same way, mascara for darkening the lashes should be sparingly applied with a brush. Untidy eyebrows can be plucked into shape, and if they are rather sparse, a pencil will help to accentuate them. The tendency, however, is to over-pluck them, which is very ugly, as it takes away all character from a face and produces either a hard expression or one that is somewhat unintelligent. Before venturing, therefore, it is wise to study carefully the shape of the face and eyes as well as general colouring.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the Scratch Score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons under handicap during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

March Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Deterding ..	Northants County ..	90	18	72	78	6 below
Mrs. R. J. Gibson ..	Calcutta (New) ..	83	14	69	73	4 "
Mrs. D. H. Payne ..	Moseley.	89	18	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Leigh Williams. .	Roehampton	84	12	72	75	3 "
Mrs. T. P. Williams. .	Hayling.	92	17	75	78	3 "
Miss Willington ..	Yelverton	83	9	74	75	1 "
Miss K. Urry ..	Olton	82	9	73	74	1 "
Miss N. Cook ..	Caernarvonshire ..	83	10	73	74	1 "
Mrs. W. H. Mein ..	Sherwood Forest ..	86	13	73	74	1 "
Mrs. Mac Leod ..	Stoneham	79	4	75	75	All square
Miss D. R. Wooding .	Kingsthorpe	82	8	74	74	" "
Miss M. Stephenson .	Hull	88	13	75	75	" "
Mrs. Pritt	Royal Mid-Surrey ..	87	14	73	73	" "
Mrs. W. T. Swannell	Northampton	84	8	76	75	1 above
Mrs. Grierson ..	Carlisle City	85	11	74	73	1 "

Winner of the spoon for the best gross return of the month not winning a spoon under handicap: Mrs. E. M. Rhodes, Harrogate, 78, four above the scratch score.

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Wattleworth ..	West Byfleet	87	24	63	75	12 below
Mrs. H. L. Jackson ..	Jodhpur	95	36	59	71	12 "
Mrs. J. A. Murray ..	Calcutta (New) ..	94	35	59	70	11 "
Miss W. A. Clark ..	Retford	94	33	61	71	10 "
Mrs. E. Martin ..	Gorleston-on-Sea ..	101	36	65	74	9 "
Mrs. F. G. Hyland ..	Calcutta (New) ..	94	28	66	73	7 "
Mrs. C. Williamson ..	Calcutta (New) ..	95	29	66	73	7 below
Mrs. E. Morland ..	Birkdale	105	36	69	76	7 "
Miss P. Rhodes ..	West Lancashire ..	90	25	65	71	7 "
Miss I. Bateman ..	Shirley Park	90	20	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Langston ..	Calcutta (New) ..	89	21	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Chivers	Sutton Bridge	92	26	66	71	5 "
Mrs. Craik	Aberdeen	93	28	65	70	5 "
Mrs. Williams ..	Eastbourne Downs ..	95	30	65	70	5 "
Miss P. Ingham ..	Weston-super-Mare ..	94	25	69	73	4 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Address .....

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Landseer

Christine Brooke

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brooke, of 17, Balham Hill, S.W. 12; she is engaged to D. S. F. Hurt, son of the late Major Hurt and Mrs. Hurt, of Bridge Hill, Belper, Derbyshire

Bassano

Mary Cree

Elizabeth Mary Cree, eldest daughter of the late A. T. C. and Mrs. Cree, of Thorn Cottage, Berkhamsted, announces her engagement to D. R. K. Johnston, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Johnston, of Craigavad, Berkhamsted

Bassano

Petrina Congreve

Is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Francis Congreve, of Ringwell House, Ditcheat, Bath; she is engaged to E. Nicholas Hall, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hall, of Hales Hall, Market Drayton, and 37, St. James' Place

Yevonde

Rosemary Eddowes

Is the daughter of Lt.-Col. W. B. Eddowes and Mrs. Charles Cahusac, of Moulsford, Berks.; she is engaged to John Maurice Peters, son of the late J. C. Peters and Mrs. Epps, of The Hollies, Pewley Hill, Guildford

Bassano

Sheila Yarrow

Is engaged to John Atkinson, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. G. Atkinson, of The Downs, Woldingham, Surrey; she is the youngest daughter of Sir Harold Yarrow, Bt., and Lady Yarrow, of Craigend Castle, Milngavie, Stirling

Yvonne Gregory

Elizabeth Rhys Jones

Is the only daughter of the late Capt. Percy Jones and Mrs. Jones, of 10, Palace Mansions, W.; she is engaged to A. F. Douglas Colson, younger son of the late Major D. T. Colson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Colson, of Hope Bank, Weymouth

Marjorie Lacey

Sheilah Marjorie Lunt

Is the daughter of the Bishop of Ripon and Mrs. Lunt, of the Palace, Ripon; she is engaged to the Rev. S. Harvie Clark, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Harvie Clark, of 38, St. Mary's Grove, W.4

Lenare

Jean Jamieson

Jean Dorothy Jamieson is the second daughter of Mr. Stanley and the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson, of Thirlestaine, Guildford; she is engaged to Richard Nicholas Wilson, son of the late Dr. E. Wilson and Mrs. T. C. Brooks, of St. Anthony, Wentworth, Surrey

Kay Vaughan

Pamela Kennard

Is engaged to John Lyell Langman, only son of Sir Archibald Langman, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Langman, of North Cadbury Court, Somerset; she is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Spencer Kennard, of the Old Bell House, Ludlow, Shropshire

Pearl Freeman

Audrey Dence

Audrey Priscilla Dence, M.B., B.S., daughter of the late Rev. A. T. Dence and Mrs. Dence, of Old Court, Torquay, is engaged to George Newbold Whitfield, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Newbold Whitfield, of Sunderland

Marjorie Lacey

Peggy Shackleton

Has announced her engagement to Edmund Thomas Larkin, only son of the late Edmund Larkin and Mrs. Larkin, of Hacconby Cottage, Bushey; she is the daughter of the late Dr. W. W. Shackleton and Mrs. Shackleton, of Grove House, Bushey

Marjorie Lacey

Elizabeth Davies-Evans

Elizabeth Dalmé Louise Davies-Evans, who is engaged to John H. Meredith, only son of Major and Mrs. Meredith, of Broadward Hall, Salop, is the youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Davies-Evans, of Penylan, Carmarthenshire

Waller — Hacking

George Waller, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Waller, of Newcastle, married Elizabeth (Peg) Hacking, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the daughter of Mr. Douglas Hacking, M.P., and Mrs. Hacking, of 48E, Sloane Square

Kemsley — Leyland

David Kemsley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Kemsley, of Theydon Bois, Essex, and Sybil Mary Leyland, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Leyland, of Weston Hall, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Seymour — Flower

At St. Michael's, Chester Square, Roger Seymour, eldest son of the late Brig.-Gen. Archibald Seymour and Mrs. Seymour, of 23, Warwick Square, S.W.1, married Rosemary Evelyn Flower, eldest daughter of the late Major Flower and Mrs. R. L. Gunning

Bush — Hoare

Ruth Challice Hoare, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Hoare, of 48, Westbourne Terrace, W., was married at St. James', Sussex Gardens, to Captain Hugh Wheler Bush, elder son of the late Rev. and Mrs. Bush, of Bathford, Bath

Johnstone — Spicer

At St. Marylebone Parish Church, John Stuart Johnstone, only child of Mrs. E. Johnstone, of Dane House, Bishop's Stortford, married Pamela Rosamond Spicer, second daughter of Sir A. Dykes and Lady Spicer, of 5, Stanhope Street, W.2

Tapp — Cross

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Capt. A. G. Sentance Tapp, only son of the late Arthur Tapp and Mrs. Tapp, of Old Hatchgate, Horley, Surrey, married Anne Cross, elder daughter of the late Robert Cross and Mrs. Cross, of Elmsgrove, Neston, Cheshire

Atkinson — Gray

D. G. R. Atkinson, son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Atkinson, of Hollybrook, Folkestone, and Yvonne Gray, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Gray, of Great Chart, Ashford, Kent, were married at St. Mary's, Great Chart

Kennedy Shaw — Dyott

William Boyd Kennedy Shaw, only son of Colonel and Mrs. Kennedy Shaw, of Teffont Magna, Salisbury, and Eleanor Dyott, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Dyott, of Freeford Hall, Lichfield, were married at St. Giles', Whittington

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 15 — April 21

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE.—Max Beerbohm's delightful Regency fantasy makes a play with Ivor Novello as Hell and Vivien Leigh as his seducee; Clemence Dane adapted, Motley decorates: His Majesty's, 8.30.

KING LEAR.—Shakespeare's most poignant tragedy has William Devlin as the King, and Vivienne Bennett as Cordelia, besides other Vic favourites: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Viola Tree: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Fine acting by Flora Robson as Katharine of Aragon's daughter, Marius Goring as Philip, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Monday). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30

PROMISE.—Bernstein's family drama is as brilliantly acted as it is theatrically effective; Madge Titheradge, Ralph Richardson and Edna Best head the fine cast: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—A fine study by Sherriff and Miss de Casalis of Napoleon's last days; Keneth Kent is the Emperor, and the smaller characters all live: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—This charming piece of laughter and tears nears its end—Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich should be seen before it's too late: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Mazo de la Roche's novel falls to the dramatisation fashion—Nancy Price is the 101-year-old matriarch, Stephen Haggard is Finch: Little, 8.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS.—A hip-hooray kind of vaudeville with Harry Roy's band and lots of comic constellations: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs. 2.30

AT THE SILVER SWAN.—Cheerful musical piece about the Australian 1870 goldfields, with chorus of bushrangers; Magda Kun and Steve Geray are in it: Palace. 8.15 Wed., Sat., 2.30

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls' school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30

REVUDEVILLE No. 74.—Edna Thompson returns to the cast for a Monte Carlo number. There is also Mischa de la Motte, a "five-voiced" entertainer; Gus Chevalier and Hugh Rene continue to salt the show with humour Windmill, 1.20—11.30 non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney, Hildegarde, and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SHOW THAT JACK BUILT.—Go to this if your tastes are robust and not too refined, and you will revel in Frank Randle, a skating ballet and some grandiose spectacles: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TOWN TALKS.—Not so much to look at but better to listen to than Cochran's, this revue has June and Arthur Riscoe as stars; Vivian Ellis did the music: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30

Mirth and Mystery

BABY AUSTIN.—"Flotsam's" play is another inter family piece, the name-part being a child, not a car Mabel Constanduros, Mary Jerrold and Jack Livesey are in it: Strand, 8.30.

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Jean Cadell is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Mary Newcomb is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's, 8.20. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Adapted from Edgar Wallace's *Fellowship of the Frog*, with Gordon Harker in the lead, seventeen different scenes, and a big supporting cast: Prince's. 8.30.

HER LAST ADVENTURE.—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's first play has an original sort of plot, offering thrills and fun; Jane Carr is the heroine who determines on adventure and gets it: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LAST OF THE LADIES.—A weak plot supported by a strong cast—Nicholas Hannen, Adèle Dixon, Hedley Briggs and Athène Seyler: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LIMPING MAN.—This is a real thriller of simple construction and good performance, with laughs in it, too: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Haymarket. 8.30 Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly redone; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix, 8.30 Tues., Sat., 2.30

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—Hugh Miller and Elena Miramova in a piece of peculiar horror about murder for art's sake: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

GLASS HOUSES.—Walter Ellis' comedy stars Aileen Marson, Henrietta Watson and Patrick Waddington: Royalty, to-night, April 15th.

AFTER OCTOBER.—Rodney Ackland's play is about a musical comedy actress (Mary Clare) who passes from fame to obscurity: Criterion, Thurs., April 16th.

THE OLD MAID.—Zoë Akins has made Edith Wharton's novel about the middle of last century into a play. Lilian Gish leads, supported by Irene Vanbrugh and Harcourt Williams: Queen's, Mon., April 20th.

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT.—John Hoare's play has Renée Gadd in the lead: St. Martin's, Tues., 21st.

CINEMAS

DESIRE.—Director Frank Borzage brings out some new qualities in Marlene Dietrich without losing the old ones; glamour is still the word, and Gary Cooper sets it off well, though the pearl-thief story is routine: Carlton.

DISNEY CARTOONS.—And interest films, travelogues, magazines and news: Tatler.

FOLLOW THE FLEET.—The new Astaire-Rogers-Berlin piece is strictly according to old recipe—but the ingredients are as good as ever: Plaza.

KING OF BURLESQUE.—A back-stage musical piece with Warner Baxter, Alice Faye and Jack Oakie: Regal.

LIEBESMELODIE.—Another gay gala from Vienna, with old Hungarian songs and paternal fiddlers; Marta Eggerth entrances her escort, Rolf Wanka, by her singing, which really is good (Franz Lehar's music): Academy.

MERLUSSE.—Henri Poupon, who stars in this film, was a lycée professor in real life till he became one on the films; a delightful bit of acting, ending with harmony and love in the class-room: Curzon.

METROPOLITAN.—Lawrence Tibbett is yet another opera singer; Virginia Bruce is with him: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MODERN TIMES.—Chaplin's newest got past the critics, and it is very good, but too up-stage for Charlie's essence; all the same, he and Paulette Goddard should be seen as waifs of a machine age: Tivoli.

POT LUCK.—This is the newest from the Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare stable; the heroine is Diana Churchill and the spot of trouble is about an art treasure: New Gallery.

STRIKE ME PINK!—Eddie Cantor in his usual goggle-eyed way gets mixed up musically with lots of lovely girls, Sally Eilers inter alies: London Pavilion.

TALE OF TWO CITIES.—Dickens's revolution tale make a colourful period film with Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan: Empire.

THINGS TO COME.—H. G. Wells supervised the making of this spectacular film from his book, *Shape of Things to Come*. Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, Margaretta Scott, and Ann Todd are in it: Leicester Square.

SHOW

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT (NAVAL, MILITARY AND AIR FORCE): Olympia, 2.30 and 8.

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CARMEN.—Sat., April 18th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LES SYLPHIDES, BARABAU (first performance by Vic-Wells Company), APPARITIONS.—Fri., April 17th, 8.30.

DOUANES, BAISER DE LA FÉE, THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—Tues., 21st, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* iv)

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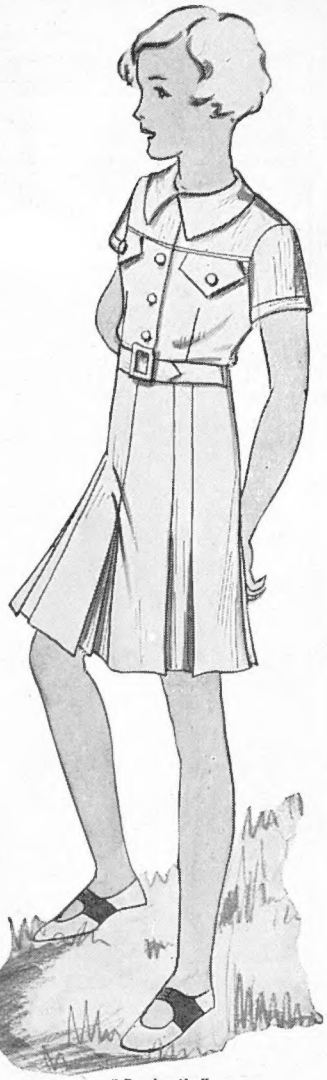

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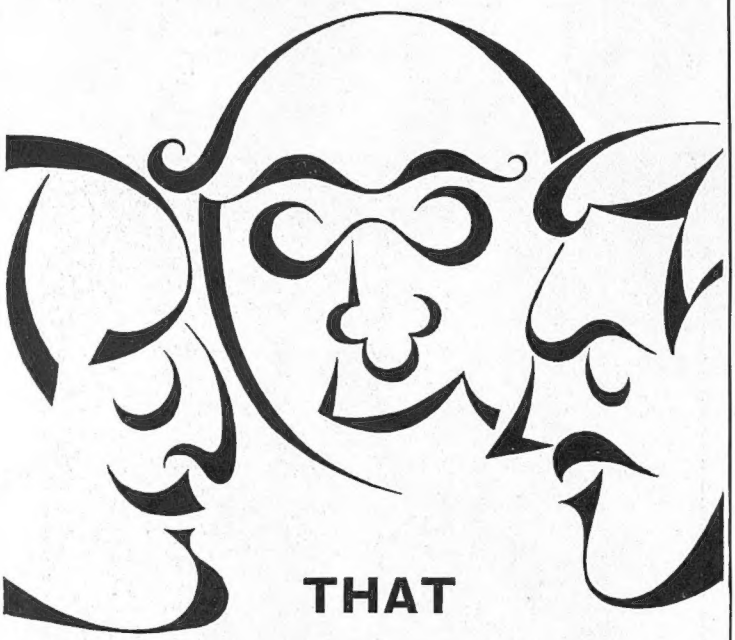

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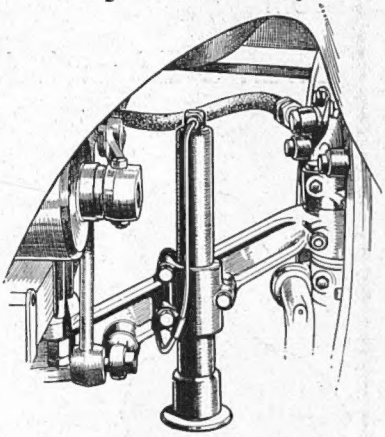

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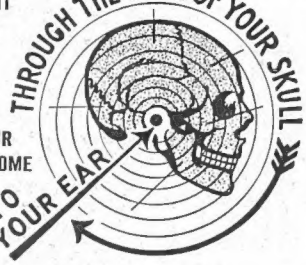

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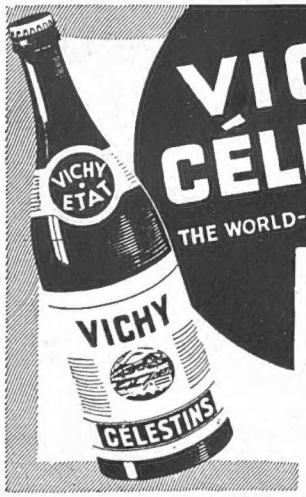

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